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THE
BAD BOY ABROAD.

"THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE AGE."

BY
WALTER T. GRAY.

35

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J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY,
31 ROSE STREET.

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GETTIN REDDY.

“ SAY, Georgie, I hear the old man’s goin’ to make a trip to Europe.” “ When’s he goin to start, eh ? ”

“ Bout a week, Ma’s goin ’long, to keep Pa strate, Ma’s ’frade them French and Spannish gals ’ll be too much for Pa, and as I want to keep fresh, in the langages, I’m goin too, to perform the inturprater act. Say, Jim, Polly vu fransay, we, we, Machair madam, how’s that ? ”

“ Thats the French for, Don’t you wish you was goin with us ? Come ’long up to the house, and I’ll give you my box of stubs. Pa says peepel what travils in You-rope, orter smoke pure Havanah Cigars, so I guess I’ll help him use up the 1000 he bort the other day. Pa says, if I’m a good boy, he’ll take me to the Boys-der-Bologna, in Paree, and let me ride a n’ostrich.

You bet I'll be good, and keep an eye on him, cos I hearn him tellin old Col Sparcy, that he used to kno a Spanish Senorita in New York, what was the daisyest kind of a daisy. Now if there's eny sparkin goin on, you bet I'll be there, Jim. I'll rite, and tell you bout everything I seen."

LETTER NO. I.

THE JURNEY ON THE SLEEPER.—YOUR MUNNEY,
GENTS.—JURSEY SKEETERS.—GRAND OPENIN.

GRAND CENTRIL, New York.

DEAR OLD CHUM: Well here we are at the Grand Centril in New York. Pa says if he gets thru this trip, he'll live to be as old as Nebudkaiser, he says he orter sent me to a n'orphun 'sylum, cos I spoil all his pleasure. I guess he's all rite now for I seen him, with one of them actor gals on his knee, down in a Concirt Hall wile Ma was takin a nap. Well you'd dide, if you'd

seen the fat old woman, in the sleeper, jump and holler, when I climed in the rong birth, longside of her. She sung out, "mirder !" and the Corndocter pulled the bell rope, and I jumped out in the ile and sed "Your munney gents; here's the James boys!" Pa, he hid his hed under the cloes, but Ma, she knowd my voice, and grabbed hold of me, and I guess I'd got it, if she hadn't ben 'frade of xposin the familee skeleton.

When I got in my own birth I culd'n't sleep a wink, cos there was a old feller in the next birth, a snorin so. I got a fether, out of the piller, and reached over, and tickeled his neck. Well you'd split yourself, if you'd seen him tryin to shoo it off; purty soon he called the porter and arst him if we'd struck New Jursey yet, cos there was the durndest, biggest skeeter knawin at him, that he ever seen, outsider Jursey. I got tired playin skeeter, so I went to get a drink, and found where the

porter kept his blackin, they say oil's good for leather, so I goes to the lady's wash room, and gets the Hare oil bottel, and mixed it up with the blackin. You bet, that darky swett shinin bout 20 pares of shoes. Most everybodie was mad at him in the mornin, and didn't give him a cent. Pa told me to go to his sachel, and give the darky a quarter, so I gave him a 5 dollar gold peice. Pa says charaty is the first of virchews, so I guess I'll be charatabel.

In the mornin we had to side track, neer a pond, so I jumped out, and cot a little bull frog, and put it in the grub basket belongin to the old ladie, what told Ma, she orter make her boy kno his place. I guess the frog knu his place wen she opened the basket, cos you'd thot that car was a grand openin of stripped stockings and 'mbroiderie, wot fules sum wimmin are to jump up on the seets, and hollar, and pull up there skirts, all on account of a little bull frog. We're goin to the theater tonite, and will

sale at 12'clock tomorrer. I feel like a saler allreddy.

Yours in New York,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. II.

CAVOORTIN LANKEY LILLIE.—HIS MA IN A 'MBAR-RISIN POSISHSHUN.—FIRE IN 44.—ONHEST NEW YORKERS.—ALL ABORD.

STEEMER SERVIA, Jursey City.

LAND LUBBER JIM: I take the chanse fore we start to rite you a line or two. To begin with, Pa & Ma & me went to the show, and seen a woman what called herself Mrs. Lankey Lillie, cavoortin round the staige showin her ankels, what was like her name, & tryin to pass herself off as a perfesshunal buty, wen her face culd'n't hold a candel to our teecher's. Pa said he could count, more'an hundred purtier ankels, eny muddy day on Euclid Avenew. I kinder tired on the show, & I cot a fel-

ler tryin to flirt with a gal in front of me, so I rote a billett ducks tellin him I was ded struck after him, and I handed it to him tellin him that the gal in front had told me to. He ansered it & give me half a dollar, and wen the bissness was out, you'd berried yourself if youd seen that gals husband, nock him sprawlin, when he arst to see her home. It was purty late wen we got back to the hotel, Pa had to see a man, so Ma & me went up to our room. Gee Wiz! but they do put on stile in New York. Ma got off her things, & was puttin the creme on her face what, she says, she uses for pimpels, and I was takin in the fixtures, wen I run 'cross a bord with a lot of wite nobs on it; I run my hand 'long it, and purty soon a darky bust into the room and says: "Here's your water, 'mam." Ma, she got as red as a peonee, and then the chambermade come runnin in, and went for Ma, & sed the sheets was clene, & good enuf for her. Ma

told her the sheets was all rite, and was jest gettin into bed, wen the feller, what wares the big diemond, shoved his hed in the door and hollered, "What trane do you warnt to go on?" Ma blushed, & sed she did'n't warnt to go on eny trane, and wen I arst him wot the bord, with them nobbs was for, he sed, "durn you, it was you rung 44."

Ma succeeded in gettin into bed, and I took off my cote & vest, & hung 'em, on a close hook, by the bed, &, in less than a secund, more'an a hundred bells was ringin, and peepel was shoutin "Fire," and Ma and me rushed out to see where it was. The Hall was full of men & wimmin in there nite gownds, and purty soon a couple of darkies come 'long with a xtingusher, and sung out, "Fire in 44," and squirted a narsty smellin stuff, all over Ma & me. Wen they found out there warn't no fire, they was goin to throw me outer the win-der. Ma had to borry one of Pa's nite

gownds, to sleep in, cos her's was all wet. Pa says he'd ship me home by xpress if I was wurth payin the charges.

About ten this mornin, we took the bus & druv down past the Brooklyn & New York bridge, to the Ferry bote. You orter seen the bridge, its more'an 20 times as big as the Vidict. Pa says there's 15 millyuns of munney in it. New Yorkers must be orful onhest, to let it stay there. You bet it would'n't stay there long, if Pa & our minister, lived in New York. Soon as we got on the ferry bote to go to Jursey city, Pa begun to blow bout his being such a saler, wen he was a boy. He's been round the Horn more'an a dozen times, & never knowd wot it was to be seesick. Wen we got aboard here, the captin he was orful good to me, and patted me on the hed, & sed I was a good little boy, & promised to show me the compass, in the barnacle, & let me take the son, with the sexton. We're goin to start in 10 minutes.

Your saler frend, GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. III.

HIS PA IS TO BE TAMED—THE INISHIASHUN. — OH!
THEM HARD EGGS!—YARNIN.—KEEP HER DUE SOW
YEAST.

AT SEA, Steamer Servia.

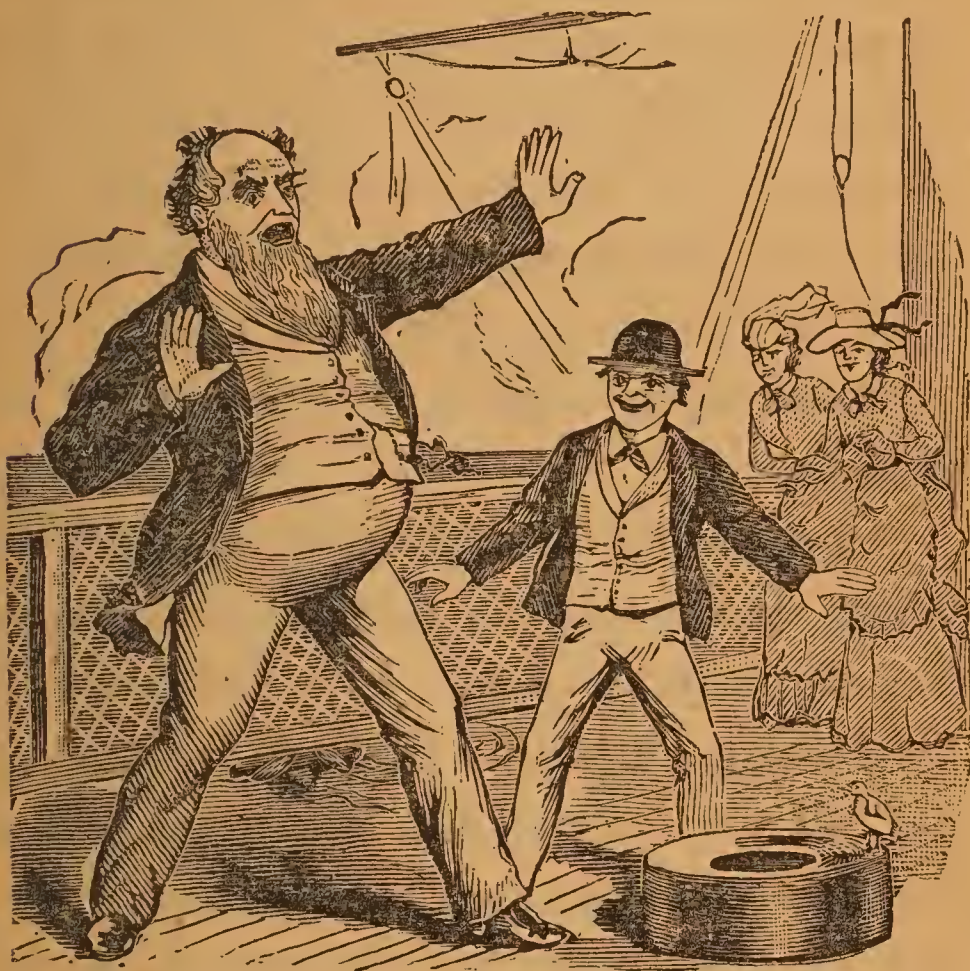
DARE JIM—I guess now the Captin wishes he hadn't been so familyur, with me, wen we first got acquainted. He says it was a case of Mrs. Placed conferdense. We got underway 'bout noon, & steemed down the harber. Pa was feelin purty good, I guess, cos there's a cuppel of singel wimmin aboard, and Ma had a headache so she went b'low. I told them wimmin that Pa was a Cleveland millyun hair, and a reg'lar woman hater, and they said they'd tame him, 'fore we crossed the brine. Pa likes to lalligag the gals, wen Ma aint round.

Wen we got outside Sandy's Hook, the Steemer begun playin see-saw, & purty soon I noticed Pa's gills turn witish lookin, and

I went up to the poop, where he was talkin to them wimmim & says :—" Are you getting seesick alreddy ?" He sed he felt a trifle bileyus, and had'n't found his see legs yet. I noticed a madin ladie lookin sort of pitiful at Pa, so I went & arst her if she'd seen enything of Pa's see lim-a-legs, (Ma says I should'n't say legs in the presence of lady's) and she blushed and sed, " the poor, dare man, has he lost them." I guess the bile got kinder restless in Pa's stummack, for purty soon, he leened over the railin, & them wimmin laffed, & sed he was payin his inishiashun fee to old Nepshun. I think old Nep inishiased lots cos most every bodie done like Pa.

There was one old man, with his head berried in a curspadoor singin out " Oh ! Oh !" I arst him what was the matter & he sed " Oh, them hard eggs ! them hard eggs !" So I went down to the cabin and got that littel chick Ma give me last Easter, and wen he was'n't lookin I dropped it in

the cusspadoor, then I got him sum warm water & he throwed up a norful lot, & cot site of the chick & sung out:—"Jumpin



“DURN ME IF I DIDN'T SWALLER A HOLE CHICKEN!”

Jehosifut! durn me if I didn't swaller a hole chicken, wen I eat them durn eggs at the Brunswick this mornin.”

When the gong rung for supper, every

one, exceptin the madin ladee & them wimmin what's goin to tame Pa, sed they was'n't hungry, so I galavanted them three down. I think the're all sweet on me, especially the madin ladee, the way she hugged me the other day, abaft the weel-house, wen no one was lookin, I felt orful sorry, wen she went sprawlin on the taller, what I rubbed on the step, to trip the cockney waiter wen he had a trayful of dishes.

After supper I went down to the forecastel, and hearn the saler spinnin yarns. I used to think Jona's wale had a norful big belly, but it warn't nowhere longside of the one out in the South Sees what one of them fellers sed he seen swaller a hole canoe full of niggers & had to go ashore and spuciem up, cos he warnt used to such strong meet. Another feller told, bout wen he was on Hermageisteys "Hells-corn" up in the Artic See, how a wale struck Hermageistey's ship, and stove in

her sturn, and got stuck there and swum the vessel 60 miles an hour, 'till she was beeched at Bombay, wen they had to get 40 Lphants, to get the wale out & then he was ded drunk, cos he'd broke into the Officers wine room and swallered all the bottels.

Wen they got tired yarnin, & got into the meel sacks what they have strung up on a cuppel of hooks, and sleep in, I slipped up on deck, and sung out. "8 Bills, Starbird wach on deck." You'd dide to see them fellers jump up and run aft & report to the Captin, "All on deck." The Captin say's, you dumb fools, its only two bills, on your wach b'low, and then they went round lookin for that cussed little Yankee boy to douse him in the slush barr'l, but, you bet, he warnt round nowhere.

In the mornin the water was smoothen ice, and most everybody had got rid of there bile, & there was'n't a thing in site

but water. About 8 o'clock, the Capen took me up on the bridge, and show'd me how to box the compass, and, wen he warnt lookin, I shoved a needel at the W., and the pint of that compass come round flyin. Soon as the Captin looked at it, he got orful mad and yelled out cuss words, thru the speekin tube, at the Quarter's marster in the weelhouse. Wen I arst him what maid it fly round wen I put the needel in he laffed & sed; "it was you, was it." Then he hollered thru the speekin tube; "Keep her due Nor Yeast." Wen I arst him what Nor was, he sed Nor was short for North, & Sow was short for South, and then he went b'low, to figure his ded recknin. I think it was orful meen of him tellin Pa, I was the baddest boy he'd ever set his two eyes on, jest cos I told the speekin tube to "keep her due Sow Yeast." It was'n't my falt, for if the Captin had'n't been makin love to the ladee, whats got the pugged nosed poodel, he'd found out

the ship was goin Sow Yeast 'fore she got
sixtey miles outer her corse.

Theres a ship cummin along, so I'll close
this letter so as I can send it by her.

Your mûch malined frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. IV.

BILGE WATER—WASHIN THE POODEL—THE FANTOM
SHIP—SMOKED GLASS—THE PIRATE CHASED—TO
BE TRIDE BY A JURIE OF HIS PEARS.

AT SEE, Steemer "Servia."

DARE FREND JIM—The other day, jest
before dinner, I went for'ard, and got a lot
of tar pich, and put a tiny ball on every-
bodie's chair, xcept them two gals, & the
madin ladies, and wen they got bout thru
dinner, I sung out, that there was a ship a
comin, and you'd laffed to se'em run, &
hear there dresses tearin ; Pa left the seet
of his linnen pants, on the chair. They all

sed it was my falt, and that Pa orter wiped me most to death jest cos they didn't kno enuf not to sit down on a chunk of tarpich. Pa says he's goin to send me home on the next ship we meet, all cos I tried to commodate the steward, wen he was fillin the ice water tanc, the nite they had the danse. I guess I got it outer the bilge pump 'stead of the fresh water tanc, enyway them folks oughter'n't to drank wen they was sweatin, if they had'n't, the bilge water would'n't maid them throw up.

Pa was askin the woman, what the Captin's makin luv to, how she kep her poodel dorg so wite, and she sed she washed him most every day wen she was home, but she guessed he'd get dirty on bord, cos she did'n't have no chance to clene him. Wen they went down to supper, I got the poodel, and cut a long peace of cord, off the log line, and trailed him overbord, and the woman's most crazee now, cos he got drowned. It warnt my fault, cos she orter

learnt her dog to swim 'fore she took him to see.

The Captin has a big telescope, what Pa was lookin thru and seen a ship, and then everybodie got them opera glasses, but they could'n't see it, xcept thru the big one. The Captin, he got scart, and sed it must be the flyin Duchman, the fantom ship, what the salers sometimes see, off the bank of New Fundland, but I guess it was only the pictur what I transferred onto the end of the telescope, but they'll never kno it, cos I rubbed it off this mornin.

Pa says you orter look at the son thru a smoked glass, & wen I tride to look thru the sexton, it hurt my eyes, so I burnt a mach over the glass, & now the 1st leftenant's mad at me, cos he's lost the son, & he can't get his recknin, why didn't he tie a string to it?

Wile the passingers was down to dinner, today, I got Ma's black dress, what she sat on the pich with the other day, & I hoisted

it up where the English flag was. Purty soon a 'Merican man-a-war, come along & fired a gun over our ship, & sent a bote lode of mariners aboard, what warnted us to surrendher. The Captin arst the feller, with the brass buttins, if war'd been declared tween 'Merica & England, on account of Don Van Rossa and the Irish. The feller told him he was a durned pirate, & for him to take down that black flag. Then the captin looked up & seen Ma's dress, & turned to me & told me: "That was too much, and he'd have to have me tride by a juree of me pears." They've got me locked up & tomorrow mornin the're goin to try me, but you bet that Juree's goin to disagree cos I've got it fixed like it was a Star Route juree.

I think its orful mene, to lock up a good littel boy like me, in a state room, and give him nothin but bred and water; but I guess they didnt kno bout the jellee &

cake, the madin ladee brot me. I'll rite you all 'bout the trile next letter.

Yours, in trubbel,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. V.

THE TRILE BY JUREE.—DISAGREEMENT.—IN QUARAN-
TEEN.—HIS PA AS A SMUGGLER.—REVENGE IS SWETE.

Steamer "Servia,"

Liverspool Harber, 1

FREND JIM :

I was keepin a diry, all 'long, till they locked me up, 'fore the trile, and then I didn't get no chance, so I had to give it up.

The Cort conveened, & the Captin was chosen Judge. The Madin ladee, she xamined the witnusses, and talked orful good for me, but the woman, what had the pugged noesed poodel, that got drowned, was prosercutin aturney, & she told the Juree, I was a norful bad boy, and orter

be hung up by the thumbs, and given 40 lashes with the cat. The Judge enstruckted the juree to find me guiltee, and then he'd sentence me to kiss the "gunner's dorter." My aturney sed it was a horrid, narsty shame, for all them big peepel, to be down on a good little boy like me, that wuld'n't hurt a kitten.

When the juree come back they reported that they culd'n't agree, cos them two gals, what I didnt put no pich on there seetes, & whats tryin to tame Pa, wuldnt ballet for a vurdict of guilty. I was sorry, cos I didnt get no chanse to kiss the gunner's dorter, but the madin ladee says, that menes to be stripped, & lade across a gun, wile the Bowswain gives you a lickin.

I did'n't get a chanse to have no more fun, cos they wached me orful close, till we got here.

The Helth Doctor's put us in quaranteen, cos he sed he smelt smallpox. The ship, & passingers, has all got to be fumeigated,

'fore there allowed to go ashore. Ther'es a norful stink down in the hole, where the baggage is stowd, & there bringin the trunks up on deck, so I guess I'll run up now & see what's the matter.

Poor old Prince, my dorg, is ded, & there aint enything left of him, but worms & bones. Who'd a thot he'd dide, wen I left him lots to eat, 'fore I locked him up in my trunk, wen we left home. The passingers is all glad cos it was only Prince, what smelt so bad, & the Doctor's goin to let 'em go ashore.

The Captin says he's goin to sue Pa, for 10,000 dollars damurrages, he says, thru that little idjots dampholishness, the ship's lost three days time.

Wen the Kustom House Officers come aboard to xamine the baggage, I pint-ed Pa out to one of them and says:—

“Do you see that feller with the big red knoes?”

“That h'old 'arf and 'arf guzzler,” says he.

“ Well,” said I, “that man’s tryin to smuggel a lot of Havannah Cigars, and you orter keep a n’eye on him.”

Then I goes to another offcer, and shows him the poodel dorg woman, & told him she was goin to smuggel, more an a hundred ’Merican waches, cos I seen them & hearn the captin tellin her to go to the Queens Hotel, & wen the Kustom House Officers had gone, he’d bring the waches up there. Then the Officers arrested her & the Captin, and was goin to take Pa too, only I told ’em that was the rong feller, that the other one, had gone ashore. I guess the pugged noesed Poodel woman, & the Captin, ’ll have some trubbel gettin outer jale. Next time they’ll kno better, than to try & make a good little boy, like me, kiss the dorter of the gunner.

Yours, ahead,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. VI.

TORPEDO PRACTICE IN THE RALEWAY STASHUN.—A
SUSPICHUS LEEK.—GEORGIE AS A PARFUMIER.

Princesses Hotel, London.

DARE LORWD JAMWES—

Wen we got ashore after leavin the Serbia, we druv rite up to the Raleway Stashun cos we had to take the nite xpress trane for Lundon. They dont have no 'lectric lite here, like they have in our Onion depot in Cleveland, & it was orful dark & smoky.

I was lookin round, and seen a big Engun comin along, & I happened to think, that the Torpedo, we found on the track, the day we went to Newburg, was in my pocket, so I lade it on the rale, when no one was lookin, and you'd dide to seen the Enguneer & fireman, jump off, when they hearn the xploshun. The peepel they all run, like they was kicked by a mule, & the Engun went smashin into a lot of passin-

ger cars, and leeft nothin, of them, but a pile of splinters. Wen the perlice found out, there warnt eny more danger, they come along, and arrested every man, what looked like a Irishman, and sed it was a nother plot, of the Finians, to blow up England. But I guess when we get over to Paree, I'll rite, & tell 'em, they orter be 'shamed of themselves, gettin scared at nothin but a little torpedo. Pa got whiter-an-a sheet & run, & left Ma & me, & Wen he come back, he sed the English orter transport every durn Irishman in the country.

We had to wait two hours, till they maid up a nother trane, & wen we got started it was pich dark.

The cars over here aint a bit like our'n, the're all divided up into littel compartments, like so menny hencoops, with room for about 8 peepel. Wen we got in the door, on the side, the cornductor locked it, for fear we'd jump out, before we'd pade

our fare. There was bout half a dozen passingers in our coop, & they all went to sleep, xcept me. I felt orful cold, cos



“YOUD DIDE TO SEEN THAT DORG JUMP OVER THE RAILIN.”

(See page 32.)

there warnt no stoves, like there is in our home cars, so I took the warmin pan from under Pa's feet, & lade it on the seet, tween me and a stilish dressed young ladee.

I guess I got to monkeyin with it, for the stopper come out, & before I could get it in again, all the warm water spurted out on the cushuns. You bet, I put that pan down mity quick, cos I noticed, the ladee gettin kind of restless, so I purtended to be sound a sleep, & purty soon she gets up & shakes herself, & looked round, kind of ashamed like, and then took hold of me, & tride to swap places, but I woke up, and arst her what wet the seet, where she'd been sittin; she sed, she guessed, it must have leaked thru the roof of the car.

After a wile, she went to sleep again, & I got sort of hungry, so I took sum of Pa's limbugger cheese, & crackers. Pa says limbugger orter be toasted, so I held mine over the lamp, & I guess sum of it must of fell on it, cos, purty soon, there was the durndest stink you ever smelt, & it woke everybody up, but me. They hunted round the car, but they couldnt find no pole cat, nor nothin else, and they

had to get the Cornductor, to put us in a nother car; cos they was all most sufferkated. It was most dalite 'fore we got to Lunden, so we druv up here, & Pa & ma's gone to bed, wile I'm ritin to you.

Your Lunden frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. VII.

HE VISITS THE TABERNICKLE & MAKES THE PREECHER SWARE.—AMONG THE BRITUSH DED.—DANNYMIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LONDON, Eng.

DARE FREND: Yesterday was Sunday, & Ma and Pa did'n't get up to brakefast, so I slipped out of the Hotel, & went 'long with the crowd, till I got to a grate big Church, I think they called it the Tabernickle. There was a norful crowd, and I had to squeeze my way up to the front seets, and they was all full, so I had to stand up. Purty soon, they all begun a

singin splendid, & then the Minnystur got up in the pulpit to preech. He was talkin bout Hell, & wen he got warmed up, he'd come down the stairs of the pulpit, and a straddle of the bannisters, and commence pullin himself up, and as soon as he'd get up a little bit, he'd slide back, sorter sudden, & tell the Congregation, how easy it was, to fall down to Hell, & how hard it was, to get up to Heaven. The last time he got purty near up to the top of the bannisters, & then he turned round & says:—
“My dare heerers, you may almost reech the top of the ladder, when you make a misstep, & plunge down again to ——”
(and then he slid down orful fast, & I guess he struck the bent pin what I lade on the bottom cos he sed—“Hell”! so loud, most every bodee thot he was swarin). I don't think minnysturs orter sware, even if they sumtimes do sit down, purty hard on a bent pin.

This mornin, we went out to Westmin-

ster's Abbey, & seen the tombstones, of all the English Kings, & Queens, what are ded. They've got statutes of most of 'em, strung round, so as you can tell which is which. Pa says, he dont see what they need to make such a norful fuss bout them, after there ded, cos most of 'em, warn't eny too good wen they was livin. I dont like to look at so many toombstones, it makes me feel solemn, & I can't 'njoy myself.

We got dinner at a chop house, &, in the afternoon, we went to the Houses of Parlayment. Pa says they can't shake a stick at our Capital, at Washinton. The House of Lords was in Sesshun, so we went into the visters gallary. There was more'an a hundred old men, sittin in the orchester cheers. Everyone of them, had on a big black gownd, & long wite hare. Ma says the gownds was cut jest like her last yares doll-man. They talk like Horsecar Wild, what was lecturin in Cleveland. Pa says they reprisent the nobility, & flour of old En-

glush cavalry, he says there the bravest lot of men, in the wurld.

There was a laddee, with a grate big dorg, sittin next to me, & wile she was listenin to one of them Lords talkin bout the Irish outrages, I tied a bunch of Jackson crackers, to his tale & set fire to one of 'em, & when the first one went off, youd dide to seen that dorg jump over the railin, rite into the middel of them Lords, the fire crackers goin off, one by one. I guess somebodee lide to Pa, when they told him them Lords was brave, cos they jumpt round and hollered so, you'd thot they was crazee, & sung out that the Finians was blowin 'em up, with Dannymight, all cos a big dorg was havin a 4th of July, firin off crackers outer his tale.

Yours for fun,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. VIII.

ST. PAUL'S.—THE WISPERIN GALLARY GIVES HIS PA
AWAY.—BEWEAR OF STRANGE WIMMIN.

LONDON, Eng.

DEAR JIMMY :

We took in Saint Paul's Catheedral to-day, Pa says its the 3rd biggest Church in the wurld. The outside's, like eny other church, only it has a grate big round porch on top, what they call the dome, all covered with gildin, so as you can see it glitterin more'an a dozen miles away. The inside's made up of four, or five, little churches, with a lot of oil paintins strung long the walls, & littel nooks, & nitches, all round, for folks, what want to prey privat, to go into. Ma got tired, so she sat down in a sort of pugh, wile Pa went round to look at the paintins. I guess Pa maid a mash on a littel English gal, cos I saw 'em together in a corner, so I got Ma to come up

along to the highest gallery of the dome, and wile we was lookin down, we herd somebodie wisperin :—

“Don’t squeeze me so ’ard,” and then there was a smackin sound like them actresses, in the Comique, makes, when the’re kissin a feller. Then a voice, what sounded jest like Pa’s, sed :—

“The old woman’s restin, over yonder, let’s go out honey, and bust a bottel of wine together.”

I seen Ma was gettin kind a restless, cos she kep lookin round, like she was xpectin to see sombodie, & when no one did’n’t come in site, she sed :—

“Georgie! was that not your father’s voice?”

“You Bet,” says I. Then I told her bout the man tellin me, that the place, were we was, was called the Wisperin gallery, cos you culd hare, every word, what was sed down in the Church. Jest then there was a louder smack, & we hared Pa’s

voice sayin, "Let's go darlin 'fore the old woman gets rested, & caches on to us."

You bet, Ma did'n't let no turnip seed, grow under her feet, comin down them windin stairs.

Wen we got to the Church door, we seen Pa, & the gal, goin into a private bottel & jug saloon, cross the street, so Ma & me fell in, as reer gard, & follered. Wen we got in, we seen that gal sittin on Pa's nees, they did'n't tumbel to Ma till she was rite back of them, then the gal spied her, and run like litenin, and Ma slid into her place on Pas nee, fore he culd move, & called him her dare old hubby, & arst him for 25 pounds to get her a dress to ware at the cort recepshun.

Pa's in a norful good humer now, & I think he's cured of taking up with strange wimmin, cos he aint got his dimond pin no more.

Strange wimmin is like strange dogs, it dont do to be too familyur, cos you most allwus get bit.

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. IX.

UNDERGROUND.—ROTTIN ROE.—THE ZOO.—MUNKEY-
SHINES.—MORAL.

London.

DEAR JIM :

We took the underground raleway, out to Hide Park. You have to go way down to the cellar of the Stashun, 'fore you get to the cars. Wen you get on 'em, you'd think, you was goin into a cole mine. It was orful dark & there warnt no lite, cos I guess the yung marreed cuppel put the lamp out. Wen we got purty well started, I lit a mach sorter suddin, & there was that cuppel sittin on each other's nees, the man by the winder was changin his pants, Pa was kissin a old made longside of him, wot I guess he thot was Ma, the fat woman was feedin her babie, and Ma was tyin up her garters. I guess I orter told them I was goin to strike a mach, cos they'd had

time to get fixed up, and wuldnt have blushed so much.

Hide Park's like our'n, only its bigger, and there's a drive what's called Rottin Roe, where all the Big Bugs, go to drive & ride. I arst an old gentleman, what was sittin neer us, why they called it Rottin Roe, cos I didn't see nothin, what was rottin. He sed it was where all the nobility, & gentry, of England, come for to air there rottiness, & wen I arst him if all those peepel, what was ridin was rottin he sed "Yes, to the core." I guess they must have used O-de-coloney, to hide it, cos I culdnt smell eny thing rottin about them.

Wen we got thru Hide Park, we went over to the Zoologicale gardins. Golly! but there's a lot of them Lions, Tigers, & grate big Wite polar bares. Girraffes, with necks, 20 ft long, what reech down over thru fences, & steel the birds outer wimmin bonnets. They've got a grate big Gorilla, what looks, jest like the picktur of

Ben Butler, Guvner of Massa-chew-setts, on Sasparella's Latest. Barnums managarie, cant shake a stick at the Zoo, with its L'phants, what they let me ride all round on, for a sixpense. The munkeys was the best of all, it was grate fun to see 'em skamper, & hop round, & fite, when I thru in the nuts to them. There was one munkeyess, what did'n't seem to care bout nuts, cos she looked like she'd been a delegate, to a female rite & dress reform convenshun, & been 'lected to ware the briches, & didnt have none to ware. I alwus pitty a woman, what wants eny thing, so I blowd my knose on Pa's silk hankercheef, what I borrered, &, sumhow, I held it close enuf for that munkeyess to snatch it, & she tide it round her legs, & begun a bossin them other munkeys, just like a woman does, wen she gets to waring the pants.

Pa says there aint no originalty bout munkeys, cos they ape every thing. I thot I'd take a lessin in Naturale Historie, so I

took out my jacknife, (what I give you the fly fish hook, that didnt have no point,) for, and maid b'leive I was cuttin my rist. I guess them munkeys used the sharp edge, cos there was a norful lot of blud round that cage. Munkeys, like men, have got to find out by xperience, that it don't pay to fule with sharp edged tools.

Your skollastic frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. X.

ON THE TAMES.—HE WITNESSES THE LADEE DICK-
SEE TRAGADEE.—AT THE CORT RECEPSHUN.—A
BREECH OF EAT-A-CAT.

LONDON, Eng.

FREND JIM—Pa & me took a sale down the Tames, on a steembote. I don't like the botes here as well as our 'Merican botes cos there all painted black with, red smokestacks, what slide down, every time they come to a brige. The briges over here are most all made of stone. The

water of the Tames is thicker than 'lasses in the Milwaukee grocery store, and jist bout as black. Pa says its only good for makin bear. We went way up the River, & got off the bote at Kew gardins. Pa sat down on a bench to reed the paper, and I took a walk round till I got to a kind of grove, & I seen a ladee comin along, with a grate big dorg. Purty soon she looked all round, but I guess she did'n't see me, cos she took a nife out of her pocket, and begun a jabbin herself, rite on her corset, then she scrached her hand, a littel, till the blud come, and begun a hollerin & screemin, & maid b'leive she was faintin but nobodie didnt come, so she got up, & run, screemin all the way. She dropped her hankercheef & wen I picked it up, I seen in the corner of it, "Ladee Florence Dicksee." The papers today, says the perlice is on the trak of the assassins, & that the're finians, but I guess them Irish finians, get blamed for more'an they do eny way.

We landed on the off side of Lundon Bridge, so as we'd have a chanse to walk cross it. Its like a mouse to a cat, 'long-side of the East River Bridge.

Today we was down to Winsor Castel, to the Queens Levee. Ma had her cort dress made a purpose & Pa wore a bran new, spike tale cote, what stuck out, & maid him look like a bear barr'l on stilts. I rote on a big peace of paper, "The Cleveland Millyunhair, not for sail," & pinned it to Pa's cote tale. There was a norful crowd, & the Queen was sittin on a thrown in the middel of the room. The folkes went in one dore, & kissed her hand, & then went out the other, wile a n'orderlee sojer, was singin out there names, so as she'd kno, wich was wich.

When Pa & Ma's turn come, they got down on there nees & done like the other folkes. Then I got before her mageistey, & took her hand, & give it a good shakin, & says :—"Hullo ! Mrs. Victoria !" and

she sed "Hullo ! yourself my little man ! what's your name ?" I told her they called me Georgie, & she says " Georgie ; I know how tis myself. Here's some chink to buy candy, & chewin wax with." Then she handed me a gold sovrin.

I tell you, them other Lords, & Dukesses, what was lookin on, was quakin in there shoes, cos they sed I'd committed a breech of eat-a-cat. You bet, old Queen Vic's, a boss woman, only she's kep jest like a prisner, cos she has to do lots of things she dont warnt to jest cos its the fashun. Queens aint alwus what they seem enyhow are they, Jim.

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XI.

THE CRISTAL PALASE.—FEEDIN CANNIBALLS.—HIS PA
TAKES A LITENIN RIDE, & IS USED UP.—MADAM
TWSODS WAXWORK.—A NOTHER MASH BUSTED.—
ALL WHAT'S GLITTERIN AINT ALWUS GOLD.

LONDON, Eng.

DARE FRIEND JIM :

The Cristal Palase out at Sidneysham, is maid of glass & looks like a grate big

greenhouse. The inside's fixed up purty. One place looks jest like a woods, and there is a lot of red injuns & zulus runnin round loose. I arst Pa, if they'd growd there, & he sed the English sojers had cot 'em in the war, & they'd been used to eaten men, & wimmin, in there own country.

Theres a big balloon, what goes up every day, & you can look thru the place, where the gass goes in, & see a lot of pigs fitin. Pa, & Ma, stopped to listen to the musick what the big orgain was playin, so I went back to where the injuns was, & I seen a babey buggy with the nurse talkin to a sojer, so I took the babee & give it to one of them Zulus, to see if he'd eat it, but he did'n't get no time, cos, that durn babee begun a cryin, & the sojer seen it, & took it from him. Babees never kno enuf, to keep there mouths shut, wen a feller wants to see 'em get eat up by a canniball.

Pa got orful mad, after he'd showd me how he used to ride a flyin horse wen he

was a boy. I guess I misunderstood Pa, wen he told the man to "Go slower you dumb fule, d'ye s'pose I'm a litenin conductor?" cos I told him Pa warnted to go like litenin. Wen he maid them go farster, the horses runned away, & thru Pa bout 20 feet, in a summersett, like he'd been kicked by a Arkansaw muel. He would'nt stay to see the fireworks, cos he sed he'd seen stars enuf, for one day.

Ma wos tired in the evenin, so Pa & me went to see Madam Two-sods wax wurks. Its splended over there, they've got figgers of most everybody, what you reed about, all dressed up in there reg'lar cloes.

Pa's a littel neer sited, so I told him there was a purty gal becknin for him to come over, so he says:—

"Don't let on, Georgie, that you've got a mother livin, & I'll have sum fun with her," so he went over to the gal & took off his hat and sed:—

"How d'y'e do? I b'leive I've had the

pleasure of meetin you before," & I maid b'leive she was talkin & sed.

"Why I'm delited to see you over here,"



"HOW D'Y'E DO? I B'LEIVE I'VE HAD THE PLESSURE OF MEETIN YOU BEFORE."

& then Pa got talkin orful sweet & put his arm round the place where wimmin keep there corsits, & maid arrangements to take her home at 11 'clock, and she was to

beckin to him wen she was reddy, cos she didn't warnt her other feller to see her go in out with Pa. Pa was tickeled all over, & took me into the Chambers of Horrors, where they've got all the grate murderers, & the folks what they murdered. There's one old man shut up in a iron cage, what was a prisner, and the rats is climin thru his bred on the tabel & all over him. There's a woman what had her hed cut off, you can see the blud, spurtin all over her cloes. Wen 11 o'clock come everybodie had gone home & Pa kep lookin at his watch & askin me if the gal was becknin to him, but she didn't becknin wurth a cent, & at 12 o'clock the keeper come round & arst Pa what he was stayin for. Pa sed he was waitin for his wife over yonder to get reddy, & wen Pa pinted her out the keeper laffed and sed. "You-bloomin-blarsted-bald-heded-old-rake, thats only the figger of Mrs. Scott Siddons."

I guess Pa sorter suspected me, but he

did'n't say nothin, cos he's frade I'd tell ma bout his gettin me to say I didnt have no mother.

Pa's old enuf to kno enyway that, "Whats glitterin ain't alwus gold, or wheres there's a petticote there aint alwus a woman in it."

Yours truly,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XII.

VISIT TO THE ROY-HELL 'CADAMY.—HIS PA AS A N'ART CRITIQUE.—THE ANTIQUATY OF JURSEY CITIE.—HIS OPINYUN OF THE ENGLISH.

LONDON, Eng.

DARE JIM :

Pa's got quite a reputashun, as a n'art critique, in Cleveland, & there's a lot of Cook's 'Merican torewrists, stayin at our Hotel, so we all went over to the Roy-hell 'Cademy, to see the paintins whats on xhibition. Pa was jest throwin it on,

tellin them how this pictur was a norful dob, & the other one was splendid. I wispered to him that there was one of Michael Les Angel's, over in the corner, and wen they all got round to it, Pa got to tellin 'em, that it was one of the old mars-ters, & over 600 years old, & in a splendid state of preservashun. He sed he'd offered \$20,000 for it, but it culd'n't be bort, for ten times that much. The paintin was boss, enyhow, it was a brick house, with 4 news-boys in front of it, dancin & lookin round to a sine what sed, "P. T. Barnum, I'm a Comin, The gratest Show on earth, Jursey City June 12th." One of the ladees noticed the sine, & warnted to kno wether Michael Les Angel, ment the Jursey Citie, what's got a Merican Consul, & wither Barnum was as old as jumbo.

I guess Pa aint got no reputashun, eny more, as a n'art critique, cos I hearn one of the party say he was a durn'd old liar, cos it run in his familee.

We went to see the British Museam, & the Tower of Lundoon, with its beef eatin keepers, what they feed on beef so as to give 'em blu blud enuf, to associate with crown juells.

I'll draw a vale over the Tower of Lundoon, cos, if I'd tell what I seen, I mite hurt the feelins of sum of the descendants, of the old fellers, what done a lot of murderin there.

We're goin to leeve England tonite, so I'll tell you what I think of the Englush, before we go cos I mite forget it.

There's bout a dozen classes of peepel in England, the highest is the reel gentrie, what are first class, & spend lots of munny & would jest as soon help a beggar gal 'cross a muddee street, as they would a hairress.

Then there's the fellers what has glasses and dresses like the dude that stands in front of the Weddel House. They aint got no ratin yet but there likely to come in second.

Next is the folkes who's Pa's maid munney makin charcole, the're too big for there breeches, and too little for the dudes or the gentries, cos they look down on everybodie below 'em, & would kiss the ground what the folkes abov them walked on. The're the "shoddie" aristocrazee. The tradespeepel come next. Then the merchants what you've got to call master. There alwus grindin the life out of poor wurkin gals, & lookin for a chance to play toad to the nobility, so as they can get a painter to put up a sine "Under the patronage of their Roy-hell Hynesses the Prince & Princess of Whales. Then there's the wurkin peepel, there all rite only there alwus blowin bout the Britush Lion, just as if George Washinton didnt snach it bald-hedded.

The Irish is all looked down on in England, but you bet there only waitin for a chanse to get 'cross to 'Merica & have a prize fite, or get 'lected Alderman, or Clerk

of the Brooklin bord of public wurks, so as to make a stake & be millyunhairs, & take subscripshuns for Dannymight to blow up England with.

Ever your Frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XIII.

CROSSIN THE CHANNELL.—IN LUV.—THE 'LOPEMENT.
—ON THE BUSUM OF THE DEEP BLU SEE.—RES-
CUE.—ALL RITE AGAIN.

GRAND HOTEL, der Paree.

MON CHAIR AMY JIMMY :

We got aboard the steembote, what was to take us cross the English Channell to Havher. The wind was rite ahed, & the waves come up like they was playin "so far & yet so near." Jest wen the bote was gettin settelled, the water'd send her pichin the other way, makin a feller feel like his supper was up in his throte one minnit &

the next like it had gone down to his butes. I guess the passingers injoyed it, cos most all of 'em, was sayin, Oh! & then makin a noise like they was tryin to say "chew it," but I guess they culdnt chew it cos it wuldnt stay in there mouth long enuf.

Pa harnissed up his bile-house-ness with a bottel of brandee & soda, 'fore he started, & he was feelin like he didnt care wether the steemer was bottom up or on her beem ends.

Thare was a gal 'bout my size aboard, what was cryin orful. I arst her what was the matter & she sed her name was Seeleste, & she was a n'orphan, cos her Ma & Pa was ded & her gardine was taken her over to a French Cemetery to skule. She sed she thot it was reel meen cos when her Ma was livin, she'd alwus been at home.

She was orful purty & wen I got my arm round her waste, I couldnt help kissin her. Then I felt my heart jumpin up in

my throte & I knowed I was gettin in luv. I warnt backward in telling her so and arstin her to elope with me & we'd get marreed. She sed she was 'greed, only she was frade she'd have to stay at bordin skule till she was of age. We was sittin rite neer the sturn end of the bote, and I seen a skiff trailin 'longside, so I went down b'low & got Pa's lunch sachel, & wen no one was lookin, we jumped into the skiff & I cut the rope. The steemer shot ahed, leevin me & Seeleste alone on the bussum of the deep blu see, without no ores nor enything. I was kind of scart, till I seen Seeleste cryin, then I felt like I was a man & tole her we'd be picked up all rite, or float to some desert ileland & live like Robson Cruso. After a wile we eat a lunch & laid down & went to sleep kissin each other.

Wen we woke up it was daylite, & a grate big ship was most 'longside our skiff. Wen they seen us they lowered a bote &

took us aboard. She was a French man-a-war goin to Shuburg. I tole the Captin, how we'd run away to get marreed, cos they was goin to send Seeleste to Bordin skule. The salers & officers maid a norful fuss over us, but wen we got to Shuburg, the 'Merican consul sent a man to take us to Paree, cos Pa & Seleestes gardine had telegraffed all over the country to keep a look out for us. Wen we got to Paree, the man took us to the Grand Hotel where Ma & Pa was stoppin. I xpected to get a lickin, but they was all too glad to see there good little boy back again alive.

We didnt get marreed, but the bordin skule keeper at Coloney, is out one gal skollar, cos Seeleste gardine's goin to get her a govness at home, & wen she's got edicated, were goin to get marreed, if I don't see eny girl I like better 'fore then. I've got her pictur & I'm alwus goin to keep it in my pistil pocket cos she's goin

to do the same with the one I gave her of me.

Yours in Luv,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XIV.

A TABLE DO'IT AT THE HOTEL DER LA GRAND.—
STUFFIN.—AT THE MABEEL GARDINS.

GRAND HOTEL, Paree.

CHAIR JIM :

The Grand Hotel is a norful fashunabel place, where you get brakefast at 11 oclock, & dont get no dinner till six, & then its what they call Table Do'it. I guess they all do it, cos theres about ten corses. Fore you set down the Garsong gives you a glass of Vurmoutes, so as you'll have a foundashun for whats comin. Then they bring on Soup der Bully, & sherry wine, what youve got to drink 'fore they'll give you eny "salmon buddin" or "pisces avec saucey" with Shablee wine to wash the bones

down your throte. Wen you've swallowed that, you're s'posed to eat some "swimmin duckies," or "pullits a lar Cameel," & drink half a pint of "Vander Sourturn." Then comes the "Bueff a lah Maud" and "Mootong avec ler peed," with a hole bot-tel of clarret wine. The puddins & pies, with long names, and coniac brandie, have got to be wurried down, 'fore the ice creme, what the garson calls glass, is put on the tabel, & its eat-a-cat to drink a cuppel of tumblers of shampain, so as the ice creme wont chill your stummick. Then comes the Caffay-oh-lay & cigars, & just wen you think you're thru, the garson makes you take a tiny glass of lickher, what they call "Mary-skin-her" or cure-a-cow. My sun-day skule Teecher used to tell me, I never ort to eat so much, that I felt like I was bustin, I guess that's the reeson, why they call dinner Tabel Do'it, cos you most al-wus do that.

Pa says the munney he spent learnin me

French, was throwd away. I guess Pa's mad, cos I didn't let him make a hog of himself. He was 'shamed to let on he could'n't Polly Fransay, so he let me order his dinner for him. I managed to let him have six corses of "Pomme der tears soufflay," "carrats a lar Parisien," and a variety of other vegatabels. Then Pa got mad & warnted to kno if they took him for a vegatarian, & the garsongs sed, "We, We." You bet Pa hid some of that wine where they'd never see it again.

After dinner we went to the Jardin Mabbell, what everybodie talks about. My Gosh! but its fixed up nice! you'd think you was goin up a walk a mile long when you go in; but its only the lookin glasses strung round the walls, what makes it look like that. There's trees & flowers all round & in the middel there's a chinee pagoda, with a dancin platform all round it, & a lot of 'Merican bars, where you can get mint julips & Brandie smashins. In the Pagoda

there's a brass band of more'an a hundred peeces. Wen the musick begins, a lot of men, with plug hats, pick out there partners & form in setts for a quadrille, & when the band goes fast then the fun begins. The gals try to kick the hats off en there partner's heds, so as to give the folkes a chanse to see the latest stiles in laces & 'broderie and silk stockins.

The 'Merican methodist minister, whats stayin at our hotel, put his hands cross his eyes, & told Pa that the wimmin of Paree was orful immaudest. But if he didn't like it I don't see what he was lookin through his fingers for. Pa says the Mabel dancin is only a advanced form, of our Racket. I guess he liked it cos one of them kicked her toes so high that Pa's hat went flyin off his hed, & the place where his hare used to growr blushed orful. Wen he thot I was asleep last nite, I seen him tryin to teach Ma the Kan-Kan & tellin all bout the latest stiles.

Jay Swee, Le voter,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XV.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDEL.—PALACE DER LAH LUVHER.—
IN THE SALON.—BUTY UNDONE IS DONE THE
MOST.—MADELINS CHURCH.—A SACRED RELIC.—
STARTLING HYROGLIFFICS.

GRAND HOTEL, Paree.

CHAIR JIM :

We took a coop this mornin, & druv round seein the sites, the first place we struck was, the Plaice der lah Congcorde, where they've got one of the needels, what Mrs. Cleopatra, used wen she was learnin to sew 'fore she was maid a Queen, & fell in luv, with old Mark Antony. Pa says there's a nother one of her needels in Centrel Park, New York. She must hav run this one in her thum, cos the point's, broke off. I guess her hand was 'bout as big as a Saint Lewis gals, cos the needels more'an 70 feet high. There's some nice fountins neer the needel only them wimmin's what's

spoutin the water outer there mouths forgot to put on there bathin sutes, fore they went there. Pa says the Plaice der lah Congcorde is where they used to cut off peepel's heds with the "gullettine," during the Revolushun. I hunted round for a skull so as we could play gost, wen I got home, but I culdnt find none, I guess they was all burried.

The Gardins of the Luvher is rite neer the Plaice Congcorde. There splendid only the keepers is orful mene, cos they was goin to arrest me jest for pickin a bokay to give to Seelest 'fore she started back to England. I guess they'd lock me up, if Pa had'n't given them 5 franks to make it rite.

Theres a big porch what youve got to go thru to get to the Palase der lah Luvher, & inside there's a cort, what's got a n'arch bilt of red marbel, with a band wagon on top of it, like Barnum's got in his show, & there's six big brass horses haulin it. The inside of the Luvher is fixed up splendid,

where the Emprers & Empresses used to live.

The gallary where they keep the paintins is boss. We could'n't hardly get Pa away, cos the wimmin didnt ware no dresses wen they was sittin for there portrates. Pa says "Buty undone is done the most." Ma says he's a honorary old fule & orter be ashamed of hissself settin a bad xampel 'for his son Georgie.

From the Luvher we druv to Madelin's Church. Madelin must have seen a 'Merican country skule house, cos shes got her church bilt the same shape only its of marbel, & the roof's set on top of a lot of pil-lers. Theyve got littel boy & girl angles, with wings, strung all round the sides. I'd like to be a n'angle, but I don't warnt no stashun in a compenny what has to gard a Church, I'd sooner take mine, on the ceilin of a n'Opra House so as I could see the stars. Madelin must had lots of munney cos she's got the alters fixed up splendid with gold & silver.

Jest wen we was goin out, a man with a long black gownd on, wispered to Pa, that if he'd give him 20 franks, he'd



A MAN WITH A LONG BLACK GOWND ON, WISPERED TO PA.

get him one of the genwine nales what was in the cross at Calvary. Pa give him the munney & got the nale. It was orful rusty, so wen we got into the coop to go to the

Hotel, I scratched the rust off the hed & I
seen the letters

“ O. Bros. & P.

Pgh,

Pa.”

so I arst Pa what they stood for, he sed
they must be sum anshunt hyroglicffics, but
Ma thinks they stand for the name of a big
nale factory in Pittsburgh. I guess Ma's
rite, only I don't b'leive Pittsburgh is 1800
years old, even if Lillie Lankey did say its
stretes had'n't ben washed since Noah's
flud. That feller must have swindeled Pa,
but he'll get his 20 franks wurth of fun
passin it off as genwine on our minister &
the brethern at home. Pa's goin to a grand
Mask Ball at the Opra House to-nite.

Yours trulee,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XVI.

AT THE MASQUE BALL.—FALSESTAFF & VENUS.—DENOWEMENT.

GRAND HOTEL, Paree.

DARE JIM :

I'm all brok up to-day, cos I've been up all nite. I guess I'll have to begin at the beginnin, to tell you all bout the Masque Ball. Pa, he warnted to danse, so wen Ma sed he could, he went to the feller what hires out dresses, & got one b'longin to Falsestaff, cos the man sed it would best sute the roetund curves of Pa's stomick, than any other carackter. Pa looked orful funny with a masque over his face. He got into a coop & druv to the New Grand Opra House where the ball was leavin Ma & me to go alone.

Its a norful large buildin all decorated with gold & statutes of wimmin & men naked. Inside the flures is marbel & the

walls is covered with velvet a lot of nice paintins. The place whats called the orchester in 'Merica had a floor laid over the seets, & the band was on the staige. The peepels what was'n't drest up fancy had to stay in the Gallaries & boxes. You'd dide to seen the difrent dresses they had on some of them was red injuns, Zulus, briggands, salers, and old kings what was ded. Wile the wimmin reprisented, flour gals, paysants, Turkeyesses, & ballet girls, with the skirts of there dresses comin down bout 6 inches b'low there wastes. Most all of em wos drest like they warnted to show off there stockins, & garters way up 'bove there nees. There was one ladie reprisentin Venus gettin reddy for a bath, what had a paige tendin her to hold her close while she was in swimmin. Soon as Pa seen her, he 'peared to take a fancie to her, cos she was orful stoute & Pa likes stout wimmin enyway. Venus got to flirtin with Pa & soon as he found out she spoke English &

was stoppin at our hotel, they got to drinkin champagne and dansin together & making love only she wouldn't let Pa look under her masque.

I never seen Pa so 'tentive to a woman before; Every chanse he'd get he'd slip his arm round her waste & squeeze it, & Venus didn't 'pear to mind it a tall, cos they danded and maid luv to one another 'till bout 4 'clock in the mornin, then she sed she was gettin tired, & Pa arst her to let him get a coop, and driv her home, she was 'greed only her paige would have to go long, so they all got into a carrage, Venus sed she was hungry so Pa took 'em to the Caffay Biche where they got a private supper room & had a splendid supper.

There was a elegant fan on the mantel what Venus was wishin she had, so Pa arst the garson how much it was. He sed he'd sell it for 200 franks, so Pa greed to buy it for her if Venus would lift up her masque. When the garson went out

Venus was sittin on Pas nees & he was huggin her. Then she lifted up her masque, & Pa seen it was Ma & me. He 'peared to be tickled all over & tride to make Ma b'leive he knowd it was her all 'long. He says she looks splendid as Venus gettin reddy for a bath, and he never knowd she had such a purty form before.

Ma's purty sharp, she says if Pa's goin to make luv & squeeze eny woman its goin to be his wife, even if she does have to dress a trifle "deccollay."

Yours,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XVII.

AT THE RACES IN THE BOYS-DE-BOLOGNA.—A NEW SKEEM.—THRU PAREE LIKE LITENIN.—HE MAKES A SENSASHUN.

GRAND HOTEL, Paree.

FREND JIM:

We druv out the Shamp Elisee, passin the big arch of the Tree-omph, what has

got a lot of picturs of sojers leavin home to go out to fite with Napoleon, till we got out to the Boys de Bologna, where there was a horse race goin on. Pa's orful fond of horse racin, but the horse what he bets on, most alwus has a cold or the Rhumatiz, and comes in b'hind. There was a lot of xcitement, & we got seets on the grand stand. Pa bet on a little black maire, he was the ony one what bet on her cos most everyone knew she warnt no good, enyway she come in way behind on the first heet. Wile they was rubbin them down I got out on the track & slipped a jaggin thistel under the black maires saddel, then I went & tole Pa that one of them jockies sed the little black maire was goin to win too strate heets & he bort 5 thousand frank wurth of pools orful cheap. Wen the jockey got on the saddel he could'n't hardly keep that maire from, runnin but when they started the race you orter seen the little black maire goin, she come in fore the others had

got half way round, like she was shot outer a cannon. The next heet she went faster than littenin & when she come in under the wire, they had to lift the jockey outer the saddel cos he did'n't have no wind left. Pa maid 200 thousand franks & then he got to blowin round bout bein a judge of horseflesh, but I guess he did'n't kno as much about a race horse as that jagger did.

After the race we went over to where they have the animiles. Its jest like the Zoo in London so I wont describe it.

They've got orstriches harnessed up to little wagons, Pa hired one for me & I was goin long splendid till I seen a gal drivin a team of goates so I thot I'd have a race. Wen she seen I was gettin ahead of her she got mad & begun lickin my teem. I guess orstriches aint used to the whip cos mine kicked up his legs & smashed the wagon to splinters. I warnt goin to be beet outer my ride so I jumped on his back, I

guess he had'n't been used as a saddel orstrich, cos the first thing I knew he was goin thru the streets of Paree like litenin, I was clingin to his neck for deer life the peepel was hollerin & runnin outer our way like we was a fire engun goin to a fire. I seen purty neer all Paree. We must have been goin a mile a minnet, when my orstrich took a notion to tend vespers in the Church of Notre Dame.

You orter seen the peepel run & sing out *Le Dablow* what meens "the Devil" wen we come in. I was goin to laff ony I didnt get no time cos my orstrich stopped sort of short to munch a green cushun in a pue what he thot was grass, & I was inspectin the ceilin of Notre Dame till I come down cross the knees of the gals what was singin in the quire. I'm ritin this standin up, cos I aint well. It warnt Pa or Ma what did it, nor it warnt them gals what had me cross there knees, that make me feel like a hole roof of shingels

had been patterin 'gainst where I sit down, you bet next time I ride a n'orstrich I'll sit on a fether pillar. The papers is full of my ride & Sarah Burnhard sung a song bout me last nite. I guess if Sarah was me now she'd Burn-hard too, dont you think so Jim.

Yours, a little tired,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XVIII.

AT THE INVALIDES.—HE GETS HOISTED.—HARTREND-
IN SITUASHUN.—THE ESCAPE.

PAREE, Franse.

DARE JIM:

We went to see the Hotel of the Invalids today. Its called a hotel, but its only a big home for old sojers. Its got a fearful big dome, covered with gold what you can see all over Paree. Inside under the dome is the place where Napoleon Bonaparte is berried. It dont look like a ber-

ryin ground cos the floor's all lade in different colered marbel & theres a lot of blocks with names on like Marengo theres the battels what Nap fort when he was livin 'fore the English sent him to St. Helena's Ileland & starved him to death. In the middle of the room is a grate big Poor-fryin Sarcougheggus the latin name for a tombstone, what is maid of a lot of different colered marbels, it looks like a big bed only it aint got no legs. There's a lot of letters cut out on it but I could'n't read em. Napoleon was a norful brave man when he was livin, & now that he's ded there takin good care the body snatchers wont git him cos theres every so menny tons of marbel on top of him. Rite back of the P——, S——, is the Chappel where they keep all the flags whats been capterred by the French Armies, some of em looks jest like your Ma's rapper what she wares on wash days, with slits and stanes all over it. The sojers over here &

in England ware orful pretty cloes, only the Scotch Hilanders, what are queen Victorias favorite & she makes them ware wimmins skirts what dont come down to there knees.

All the old sojers of France what cant do no more fitin is sent to the Invalides where the govment feeds 'em & keeps them in terbaccy. Theres a big court & P'rade ground in front where the sojers sit round. Theres bout a hundred cannons strung round a norful high flag staf where they hoist the French colers every day. Pa & Ma was listenin to an old sojers tellin bout how he was with Napoleon on the Pnin-shula, & when they warn't lookin I went over to the flag staff to see how it worked the wind was blowin orful hard and just as soon as I undid the rope the flag blew off & hoisted me up to the top of the pole. I was orful scared but I didnt say nothin, but clung on ter the pole like I was a wethercock. A norful big crowd got col-

lected round expectin to see me fall down at there feet a mass of shapeless humanaty, but I did'n't fall wurth a cent. They tride all the ladders they could get, then they got the Fire Department out with there Fire 'Scapes, but they couldn't reach me. Then they sent out to the circus and got a n'ingun what had been used to firin bows & arrows, with strings on them to try to strike the flag so as to get it down. When there was bout 10,000 peepel & a compeny of perlice lookin on, & they'd bout give up gettin & thot I was goin to die before their eyes, I begun to get hungry & remembered how you & me used to shin up telegraph poles, so I just got my legs & arms round the pole & come slidin down, jest like it was the easiest thing in the world. It was a site to see all them peepel clap there hands & sing out Brave-oh, & take the horses outer the carriage & draw Ma & Pa & me home to our hotel, like I

was a grate general comin home for the army.

Your onhered frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XIX.

UP IN A BALLOON.—THE RED FLAG.—ARRESTED AS
REVOLUTIONISTS.—THE G. B.

PAREE, Franse.

MY DARE OLD CHUM :

This mornin we went over to the gardins of the Palase Royhell to see the balloon go up. They'd jest got filled up wen we got there & had the rope let go wen one of them fellers in the basket sung out "hold on," so I grabbed hold of the rope & fore I could let go I was sailin way up in the air, you bet I was scart, but I held on til the fellers seen me & histed me up into the basket. When they arst me how I come there I told em they sed to hold on, & I'd, held on. Enyway I had a good

vue of Paree, and b'sides it was wurth sumthin to get a ride in a b'loon, we was



"FORE I COULD LET GO I WAS SAILIN WAY UP IN THE AIR."

sailin round the air bout two hours fore we come down.

Pa & Ma went to a recepshun at the Merican ministers house this afternoon. Today was a holyday in Paree & the flags was flyin all over the city, so I went up to our room in the Hotel & got one of Pas red flannin shirts what he wares when he's got the roomatiz & tide it to a fish pole & hung it out the winder so as to be in stile. Then I went doun to the Bullvard to see the wimmin jump when they stepped on the torpedos I'd put on the walk. I had lots of fun, & when I got back to the Hotel Pa & Ma jest got home, and there was a rege-ment of sojers in the strete. & bout twenty "Johnderarms" come up to our room, & scorted Pa & Ma & me to the Commis-sary of the Perlice in a carrage. I felt or-ful big cos they honered us with so menny sojers, but when we got there I found out we'd ben 'rested for bein revolutionists & Commonists. Pa sent for the 'Merican minster & when he come & arst what we'd ben 'rested for, they told him it was fur

flyin reverlutionery colers outer our win-
der. Then I remembered the flag what I
put out & told them I put it there so as to
onher the French 4th of July & they was
meen to rest us jest cos a good little boy what
was tryin to gloryfie the country what he
was onherin with his prescenc. When the
chief of perlice recognized me as the boy
what rid the orstrich, & got hoisted on the
flagstaff, he laffed & told Pa he'd release us
if he'd take me 'way from Paree tonite, cos
he was frade if I stayd eny longer I'd brake
up the city. I'm orful sorry cos we aint
been all round yet, Pa says I'm alwus
bringin disgrace on him, he don't like the
ideur of bein bounced, outer a city. If I'd
money & the perlice'd let me I'd live in
Paree rite along cos there's lots of fun &
the wimmin is orful stylish & lively. Were
goin to Marsails tonite, Pa intended to
take in the Coranatshun of the Zar at
Mosecow, but he's changed his mind cos I

guess he's frade of "Danny-mite" and
"Nigh-hell-ists."

By By Jimmy.

Your Frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XX.

THE JURNEY TO MARSALES.—A TRIP ROUND TOWN.—
AT THE OPRA.—A SUSPICIOUS PERFUME.—A SKEEM.

MARSALES.

DARE FREND :

We left Paree in the middel of the nite so we didn't get a chance to see nothin till mornin. They didnt have no sleepin car on our trane but the partment what we had was fixed up splendid so I slept alrite till mornin. Pa says that Bayard Taylore the grate 'Merican Traveller what's ded, used to say that nobody but Princes, 'Mericans, & fules, was the only ones what travelled 1st class in Yourope, so all the other passingers on our car was fules cos

they warnt 'Mericans, & if theyd been Princes, they wouldnt of worn dresses cos Princes b'long to the 3rd person of the maskiline gender, They 'peared to be harmless sort of fules and acted like eny other wimmin only they smoked cigarettes, & did'n't object to Pa & me smokin cigars in there presents.

I like the French wimmin cos there so "shut" what is the new word for "chic," one of em in our 'partment didnt 'pear to care a cent, wen I got tired and used her lap as a pillar, & left a grate big grese spot on her blu silk dress what come off the oil on my hare.

I tole them I was orful sorry they was fules & they laffed and sed Bayard Taylor alwus xcepted present company. We passed thru Avinyun where the folkes used to go to kiss the popes toes when they was xpelled from Rome. We seen lots of vinyards & orchards where they grow the rottin appels they make the

shampain outer, what they send to 'Mérica, cos there fules enuf to pay 5 dollars a bottel for. We had sumthin to eat at Lions, the place where they make the silk what wimmins dresses are maid of.

Theres lots of ruins of old castels on hills strung long the Ralerode, but there wasn't enythingelse to see. When we got here we druv down to the hotel. Marsales is rite on the banks of the Me-did-it-rain-on See & is the place where all the vessels what go to India leeve from. The docks are orful big, we took a walk 'long em & seen the sojers puttin horses in slings & histin them inter the hole of a Man a war whats goin to fite the Chinees in Tonkin. If them horses was arkandsaw muels you bet they'd perlitely introduce their heels to them sojers, fore they'd get histed. I had my fishin line along so I tride my luck but I guess there aint no fish in the Mediditer-ainon, cos I didnt get a bite.

We went to the theater last nite. There

was a norful big crowd cos it was a n'Ital-yun Opra, every bodie was drest up fancy, but it 'peared like the theater was'nt half ventilated cos there was a norful smell like there was morean a dozen polecats brok loose. The peepel could'n't stand it, & they got ter goin out one by one till there warnt nobodie left but Pa & Ma & me. Pa's got the guitar & Ma had a cold in her hed so as she couldnt smell a thing but I was most suffercated when we got inter our carriage the pole cat 'peared to go long, but soon as we got to the hotel then the fun begun everybody was holdin there noses & callin out to "give him air." I didnt kno who they was meenin till a coupel of garsong led me out in the strete & xamined me, but they didnt find nothin but the peaces of the bottel of assafeeditee what I put on my bate when I was fishin, I guess I must a smashed it wen I sat on the tale of my cote, I had to wash & put on a nother sute, in the yard of the

Hotel, cos I give my other one to a boy what peddels papers, & I guess he's lade the foundashun of a fortune today, cos everybody's buyin papers soas he wont stay neer em too long.

So long, Jim,

Your own frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXI.

AT TWOLOU.—TARGAT PRACTIS.—THE GALLEY SLAVES.

—THE ESCAPE.—MORFEEN & SHAMPAIN.

TWOLOU, Franse.

DARE JIM :

I didnt 'njoy the balence of our stay in Marseilles cos mos't everybodie thot it warnt safe to get too close to me, so I was glad wen we come down here. Twolou's the place where they make the big iron men-a-war, what they do the fitin with. We went to the Navy Yard & seen them testin a big gun tryin to see how far it

would carry. I guess the bullet went way out to see cos you culdnt see it drop anywhere. There was a ladee what had a little black & tan dog & when no one was lookin, I slipped it in the nozzle of the gun jest fore they tride to see how much powder would bust it. We all had to go way so as we wuldnt get hurt & jest wen the ladee missed her dorg the gun went off & we all seen a animile shootin thru the air like it was a bird. I guess the dor'gs all rite if she learnt it to swim cos it must of dropped in the water purty close to Africa whats on the other side of the Me-did-it-rain-on See.

I'd been reedin bout how they trete the Gallee Slaves, what are sent here. So I was glad when Pa & the 'Merican council & me got a pass to go & see the prisin & wurks. It was orful to see them poor men chaned together by the ankels, brakin stone, so as one culdnt walk without the other follerin.

The keeper what showed us round pointed out a lot of fellers what had on green hats, & sed theyd been sent there for perlitical 'fences, & would have to stay as long as theyd live. I guess he didnt kno he was lyin. They trete these fellers orful bad, if they was in 'Merica, theyd be drivin fast horses & livin in stile.

Pa took the keeper what was showin us round, up ter have sum wine, & left me to go round & talk to the Prisners. There was bout 12 of them in the gang, & I give each pare of them a file, what I'd bort a lot of a purpose & told em to wach there chance & I'd fix the keeper. So I went up to the place where Pa & him & the council was drinkin, & pored out the sham-pain for them, slippin a cuppel of Ma's moorfeen powders, what she uses for New-ralga, into the keepers glass.

Then we all went home, & all nite the guns have ben firin every 5 minnits, what menes that some prisners hav 'scaped. I

guess they got away cos the paper this mornin says they aint found yet nor aint likly to be cos the peepel's frendly to them.

It wont be safe for me to say anything till we get over to Italie, then I'll rite & ask that feller how he likes morfeen & shampain.

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXII.

A TALE ON HIS PA'S NAME.—A SPLENDID RECEPSHUN.

—MICROSCOPICAL CURIOSITY'S AT VILLE FRANCHE.

—THE BUBBEL BUSTED.—INFAMUS RETRETE.

NICE, Franse.

DARE JIM :

We come down by rale from Toulou passin Cans the Waterin place where the peepel what aint got much munny go to put on stile cos livins cheep. Nice is a bully place & we'd had slues of fun since we cum here. We put up at the Hotel Der Russe. Pa forgot to regester so I rote

down his name for him, the feller what sined the book befor him put L.L.D. after his name so I thot we'd be fashunabel too so I put the inishals P.D.B.R.L.O.F.H. after Pas. Soon as it got round that there was a 'Merican with a n'alfabetical octavo strung on the tale of his name was stayin at our hotel, you orter seen the invatashuns to, at homes, & balls & partys flyin in to Pa & Ma. They was out somwheres all the time & Pa got as much free shampain as he could drink. The folks treeted me like I was a young prince, takin me boat ridin, & swimmin & fishin. Nice is a kind of purty place, its flat & sanviched in tween two secshuns of the Alps mountains, theres a river with briges across runnin thru the town into see.

The Promanade Days Anglays run along the beech & is where the folks go ridin, & tryin velocipedes. Bout 3 miles from Nice is Viller Franche, where the 'Merican fleet of men-a-war in Yourope go to get the

purty gals to do there washin. We druv out there over the shell rode what was bilt by Napoleon that run long the ege of the mountins. When we got to the place what overlooks the bey, you orter seen the difference there was tween the 'Merican vessel Nipsick & one of them big french iron-clads. It looked like the French man-a-war had taken a dose of Jalap & throwd up the Nipsick. Pa says three of them iron-clads could be bilt for what the Nipsick cost, only it wuld'n't do to let, old Secor Robes-on from Jursey get his hands on the munney. Enyway 'Merica need'n't be shamed of her salers cos we seen em jest crawl round the French, wen they was drillin sales. I think though, the 'Merican ofcers put on too much stile, sum of them on one of the ships talked to the salers like they was dorgs, jest as if one Merican was'n't as good as a nother.

We dropped into see Mr. Smiths folly, what is a castel tunneled out of the rock

with rooms furnished & everything. I guess Mr. Smith knew what he was doing, only the fellows, what expected to be his hairs didn't seem to like it.

Well there's been an explosion, & Pa & Ma hang their heads in shame & blame their good little boy for it. We're going to leave Nice 'tween two days, cos Pa & Ma's shamed to see anybody.

There was a grand garden party today at Lord & Lady Fatticakes, got up in honor of Pa's tale letters. It was a noble party affair; & everything went on nice till Pa was responding to the toast "our honored guests," when a young Englishman first made me feel loud what degree Pa took. I told him Pa most always took his state, unless somebody treated him to Brandee & Soda. He said he didn't mean the like, he wanted to know what the letters after Pa's name was for. When I told him make loud that they stood for Putty Darn Big Rascal, Look Out For Him, it appeared like we'd sunk

into insignifagance, cos there wasn't eny more tostin & I herd Lady Fatticake tellin a nother Lady that we was nothin but a pack of Yankee adventurers. I spose the feller what had L.L.D after his name was a Loose Lunatic. Dangerous.

Yours in disgrace,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXIII.

AT MONTE CARLO.—GAMBLIN.—HIS PA FITES A DU
WELL & HE FIXES THINGS.

MONACO, France.

DARE JIM :

We got started on the trane for Napels, but when we got here Pa thot we'd better stop off & see them gamblin. Monaco is rite on top of Monte Carlo what sets rite tween Italie & France & is guverned by a Prince. Its only 13 miles from Nice, when you get off the cars you'd think you was goin thru a big green house its fixed

up so nice with flours & trees & the walk what goes up to the Hotel Days Prince, has a big marble balluster all long it like theyve got on the drop curtin at the Opra House. Monaco is the grate gamblin place of Yourope, where all the tony dueks & duekesses go to get rid of their monney. The Casseenoh, is the gamblin saloon, when you go in a feller in livery finds out wether youre a forriner or not, then he passes you into the "Sally der Joy," its a big parler with lookin glasses & soffers all round a marbel floor, with different colered flags, & bout 10 big tables on it. Four of em is Rollit tables, with a big brass pan thats got a wooden center with little 'partments numbered from 1 to 36 and a O. On each side of the pan is a tabel covered with green cloth & little squares numbered the same as the pan. Theres 4 fellers to each tabel one of em turns the pan round & throws in a marbel & whatever partment the marbel stops at wins the monney, &

whoever bet on it gets 35 times what they bet its orful xcitin only you cant bet less than 5 franks. Pa won 65 dollars the first nite & I guess he made up his mind to brake the bank. The other 4 tabels is called Rogue et Nor which is French for Red & Black. You can't win much at it unless you dubbel up your bets every time. Last nite Pa was playin Rollit, & loosin orful Ma was'nt long so I tride to get Pa to stop fore he got broke, he 'greed to after the next bet, & then he put up 100 franks on O & ought come up Pa begun rakin in his 3500 franks wen a N'Italyun officer come up & sed the monney was his, Pa was xcited & called him a liar & put the monney in his pocket. The Italyun sed he'd been insulted, & challenged Pa to fite a duwell. Pa was fraid his onher would be gone up, if he didn't so he 'xcepted & choos'd a secund & greed to fite at daylite this mornin with pistils. I seen Pa was orful scart but he maid me promis not to

tell Ma enything bout it. Then he set up all nite makin his will and writin good by letters to his frends in 'Merica, & drinkin brandee. I didn't go to bed cos I was frade I wuld'nt wake up in time. Wen daylite come we took a carrage & druv out to the place, when we had to wate bout a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for the Docter & the other duwell-ist. Then they meassured off a thirty paces & drunk a bottel of shampain wile the secunds xamined the pistils. I guess they didnt notis when I'd takin the bullet outter the Italyun's cos they put Pa & him with there back to each other, & sung out one two three & then they turned round sorter sudden, & there was a norful report & both of them fell down like they was ded. I guess Pa's pistil kicked, and the buzzard Pa shot must of fell on the Italyuns hed, cos neither one of em had eny bullets in there bodies. Enyway they was both orful scart, & they shuck hands, &

maid it up, without eny furthur bathin themselves in gore.

Yours,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXIV.

LAR BELLA NAPOLI.—“HUNTIN” IN THE “GAME PRE-SERVES” OF “CASTEL RAGS.”—THE ITALYUN OPRA.—HIS PA MASHED.—THE CURE.

NAPELS, Italie.

CARA MEA JIM:

At this ritin we are in Napels the town of Italie whats maid such a grate reputashun by furnishin the wurd with them fellers what go round with orgins & monkeys playin Lar Bellar Napoli, what meens the Butiful Napels. It is also slitley known cos it has the volcano of Varsuvius stuck on one corner of the bay like it was a lectric lite tower.

We've ben to see most every thing wurth seein, & I don't kno what to com-

mense tellin you bout first, 'less I begin with the shows. There's three of them everyday, what most everybody goes to xcept the wimmin whats trubbeled with week stomachs.

Early in the mornin is the best time for the mattaney, so you hire a gide & go long til you come to the place they call Castel Rags, what is walled in & locked up every nite at 9 'clock. The gide most always picks out a house where there's bout 2 wimmin & half a dozen children, makin maccaroney. They mix up a lot of flour paste & cut it in long strips & lay it out in the son to dry. When theyve used bout a panfull, & are gettin warmed up the game begins to stur round in the hairy forrests, & then the show begins. The children get down on there nees, & then the wimmin begin the hunt. They drive the game from the cover, & most alwus succeed in baggin sevral fine "gray birds," which they dispatch by gently pressin 'tween there

thum & finger till a snappin sound is heard. Wen the larger birds are thus captured the entire body of the child is then treeted to a dose of dirty water, upon wich the "game" is sed to flurrish & the "meet" is then posponed to the follerin mornin, when the same performanse is gone thru. Once is bout all a feller cares to see the mattaney, cos he usually feels like sum of the game had emigrated to Merican soil. I xpect youre feelin tired by this time reedin this letter, but my promis compells me to cronickle all the sites what I seen in Yourope.

In the afternoon everybodie goes to the Zoological gardins where they've got a n'elegant display of the nobel & refined animiles, & fishes includin a lot of chinee fellers whats attendin collage neer the gardins, & go thare so as to get aired.

But the best show of all is the Italyun Opra at the San Carliner Opra House what is the biggest theater in Yourope.

Pa's ben there every nite, he aint mene but I notis he alwus buys the cheepest seets, rite in the front of the orchester,



“THEY PUT PA AND HIM WITH THEIR BACK TO EACH OTHER.”
(See page 93.)

that they call the pit here, & where no tony peepel go to set.

The performance is singin Italyun what you cant understand, & dancin by a balley

of gals, that ware ther skurts up under there arms, & jump round on one of there big tose, seein if they can put the other in there mouths. Pa 'peared to njoy it, & I guess he thot he'd maid a mash, cos he thru a bokay of flours to one of them gals every time she come on the staige.

I tole Ma how Pa was actin shameful, so we let him go hissself last nite, & Ma fixed me up in gals cloes, with a wite hat & big red fether & I went to the Opra House & took a box. Jest wen the show was bout lettin out I got a waiter to hand Pa a note what red like this: "My darlin old sugar plum, I'm dyin to see you, foller me home tonite, but dont dare to speke till I speke first, cos I'm wached orful close, will go out left entrance dont forgit your dasy with the Wite hat & red fether."

It wurked splended jest as soon as he seen my hat he come after me, I walked orful fast, & you bet it maid Pa swet to keep me in site, I led him all over Napels

till it was most daylite, & I begun to get tired. Then I wated till he'd most cot up to me and says. Darlin you wate here till I go round the corner & see if enybodie is wachin at my house. He sed "all rite," & I skipped round the corner & run for our hotel. When Pa got home Ma was up, & she arst him ware he'd ben. He sed he'd lost his way & had ben to Hellengone, all nite, tryin to get back to the hotel. He says he's tired of the Opra, & wont go no more but I guess cos he got tired watin for the dudine with the wite hat & red fether, is the reason he's sickened on Italyun Opra. Pa's gettin too old to play the "dude," but sum men aint got no respect for there bald heds.

Yours truly,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXV.

VASUVIUS ONE OF THE FLEWS.—LUNCH IN POMPAYI.—

STALE BRED.

NAPELS, Italie.

DARE JIM :

We've been all thru the Kings Palase, & seen the cradel, that the King of Italie used to sleep in. Its orful fancy, bein maid of corral & ebonie deccorrated with gold & cameohs, but I dont see why they maid such a fuss over a dirty little babee enyway. The museum is the principal site, cos theyve got all the things there that was found in Pompayi & Herculayon—him what was berried in lavah, that Vasuvius throwd up wen she was sick at her stomack. Then there's the armher what the old Romins used to ware, maid out of steel. Then theres the cases what the sojers used to lock their wives up in fore they went away to fite, so as they could'n't

go to camp meetin with the brethern. In the art gallary, there was a norful lot of paintins, what 'Mericans purtend to admire jest cos there old, & its the fashun to spend hours lookin at them.

We druv out to Mount Vasuvius today & seen were there diggin up the lavah from round the houses & stretes of Pompayi. Theyve got xcavashuns maid soas you can walk round the strete & into the houses jest like the peepel used to fore they was berried alive. The houses is kind of old fashuned but they show that the ainshunts had lots of munny cos the insides is all painted up toney. I guess old Antonio Comestockio wasnt livin in Pompayi or he'd confiscated them houses and 'rested the peepel for not bein maudest.

Vasuvius must of throwd up orful sudden cos in one house the niggarr cook did'n't have time to take the bred outer the oven. It peared to be done jest rite so I took a loaf & slipped it in our lunch basket.

When we sat down to eat a picnic dinner Pa opened a box of sardines & a bottel of wine, while Ma cut the bred & maid sanwiches. Pa took one bite & sed he guessed that dum bred had been cooked a week, cos it was hard as a rock, but we all managed to worry down a sanwich or two & I didnt let on bout the bred bein several years old till we got home, & then they all took a emetic but the bred stood its ground & wouldnt come up worth a cent. We took a walk up Vasuvius but we didnt stay very long, cos it smelt like the Salvatshun Army was illustratin there lectures from reel life, with sulphur & brimstone. Pa says he b'leives volcanos are the flews what give draft to the furnaces in Haydies. If they are the firemen must have to work orful hard. We was goin to Florences & Pisa where the Leanin tower is but Pas changed his mind & is goin to take us to Constantinople & Egipt were the Piramids is.

Your frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXVI.

CIVITA VEXEHER.—THE RUINS OF A CIRCUS.—IN THE
CATACOMBS.—A CHAT WITH THE POPE.—HIS PA
BUYS A PEECE OF THE MANTEL WHAT JULYUS SEIZ-
HER WORE WEN HE WAS 'SASSINATED.

CIVITA VEXEHER.

DARE JIM :

We took a steembote, & went up to Civita Vexeher, what they call the port of Rome, on the mouth of the River Tybher, what old Regulus was whinin about wen they put him in the barr'l with the spikes in and rolled him down the hill. Our bote had to stop here all day, so Pa took Ma & me up to Rome, only seven miles away by the Ralerode. We seen St. Paul's Catedral, what is sed to be the biggest Church in the wurd.

Rome is celebrated cos it used to be the home of all the old prize fitters like Julyus Seizher & Augustus, what could nock Sull-

van out in one round. Theres the ruins of the Circus whare the Gladeathers used to fite the wild animiles. I won't try to describe all I seen cos I aint writin no ainshunt historie, it makes me tired to think of all them fellers whats sed to be ded 2000 yares.

The Katacombs is wurth seein though. They are dug under ground, & run long like the passerges of a cole mine, & the sides is all decorated, with the skulls & bones of men & wimmin. I'd hate to stay down there alone at nite, cos I'd be apt to see ghosts. I wunder if eny of them litel skeletons b'longs to Bad Boys. I can't help thinkin of what a rush there'll be in them Katacombs wen Gabrel blows the bugel. Sum of our ainshunt ansisters 'll be apt to get left unless they've got there bones marked so as they'll kno 'em in a hurry.

We did'n't warnt the Pope to feel slited, so we went up to the Vatikan & pade him

a visit. He's a jolly old man, & didnt 'pare to get a bit mad wen I arst him how much his big signet ring cost ; most everybodie else was horror struck & sed I'd ben sacriligious, but I guess Mr. Pope thot a durn site more of me, than he did of all them fellers what kissed his big toe, cos he patted me on the hed & sed he knowd I was a 'Merican boy by the way I talked.

I think Pa orter have a keeper, cos he'll bankrupt the hull of us soon, if he keeps on buyin eny more curios. Today he pade 40 franks for a peace of the true cross, & jest as we was gettin on the cars to come down here, a little boy come & told him he'd sell him a peace of the Mantel, what Julyus Seizeher had on wen he was 'ssasinated by "et tu brute," for 50 franks. Pa was agreed & wen the boy run to get it, I follered him & seen him teer a littel peace of cloth off the seet of his pants. Pa didnt kno the difference so he give him the money. Wen we get home the papers

will be full of the donashun of relics what Pa's goin to present to the Museam, & then there'll be lots of folkes, what will kiss the peace of Julyus Seizehers pants. I guess Jay Gould's cot on to this skeem of makin munney, cos I here he's comin to Yourope in a new steem Yot, wile the Ralerode bisniss is dull. Dont give it away, Jim.

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXVII.

STROMBOILI. — EATNA'S MOUNTIN. — MASSEENHER. —
 ATHENS. — THE AKROPOLIS. — A FITE WITH ROY-
 HELLTY. — A ROYHELL MASH. — HIS PA A MILD LU-
 NATTIC.

ATHENS, Greece.

FREND JIMMY :

On our trip down from Civita Vexeher we passed Stromboilie, what is an Ileland, in the middel of the see with a big mount- in sittin on top of it what is alwus smokin and has a lite on top of it so as the salers

wont run agin it. Its called the lighthouse of the Medid-it-rain-on See. Its a nother of them infurnal flues like Vasuvius, & throws up once in a wile. When we got to Maseenher what is rite on the alley that runs tween Italie & Sicillie we could see Eatna's Mountin way off in the distanse. Pa says the wite thing on top of her is a mantel of snow, what she alwus wore. It 'pares to me she'd want a change purty soon, cos it aint helthy to ware wet cloes so long. The country round Maseenher is where all the sour oringes are grow'd. Its hilly & the gardins are dug out on the sides, I was ashore with the bote what went for the male, we didn't stay morean ten minnits, but wen they got me aboard agin they all thot the Ashuratic collera had struck the bote, I was orful sick, I guess I'd ben gone up that time if it hadnt ben for the brandee what they poured down my throte. I didn't get rite well till we got here. Next time I eat Maseenher oringes I'll stop fore I get thru forty.

Pyreus is the Port of Athens what is the Capitol of Greece, & is a Ileland rite in the middel of the Greeshun Archypellago. We took the Ralerode up to the City, and then druv to the Hotel. The Gree-shun men dress orful funny, their jackets is all mbroideried & they ware wite skirts what only reach down to there nees, like the girls what dances in the balley, with bare legs & slippers, & a grate big sord, what looks like a hay sythe, slung over there sholders.

Athens has a norful lot of ruins like Rome, only there more ruinhered. In the middel of the City, is a grate big square mountin of erth, what they call the Akropolis, & on top of it is the ruins of Parthenon's Tempel where the old Greeks used to go to listen to the deecons preech-in. Its all in ruins now, but it must of ben a norful tony Church, wen it was first bilt, cos in front of the door, there's 'bout a dozen marbel wimmin what our gide sed

was carryin tidies, holdin up the porch on there heds. I was amusin myself throwin peaces of marbel down the side of the Akropolis seein how fast they'd go wen a lot of sojers come up, & was goin to arrest me for desecratin the ruins, & Pa had to bribe 'em to let me off. I'd thot they'd be glad to have sumbodie get rid of the old ruins what are scattered about.

I hav got myself in trubbel agin. I was passin the park & I seen a boy bout my size on a velocipede, makin faces at me & callin me greek names. I told him to shut up, but it didn't do no good. At last I culd'n't stand it no longer, so I run up to him, & started his nose to bleedin. Wile he was dryin up the blud, I took the velocipede for a ride, & purty soon I seen a regment of sojers runnin after me, so I maid the old thing go like litenin, & knocked one old feller sprawlin what didnt have sense enough to keep outer my way. I guess I'd ben goin now if I had run into

the Tempel of Thesus what wos rite in my corse. That give the sojers a chanse, & they cot up & brot me before King Gorge, cos it was there little boy, the Prince, what I maid his nose bleed. I told him how it was, I did'n't kno I was pollutin my hands on Royhellty.

Pa he's got to mashin again, this time he got cot kissin his hand to a ladee what he thot was flirtin with him, cos she was fan-nin herself. He 'poligized wen he found out it wos Queen Olga, & Ma had to say he was a mild lunattic, or Pa would have gone to prisin cos King Gorge was orful mad. We start to take in Turkie tomorrow.

Yours affecshunly,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXVIII.

HELLSPOINT. — CONSTANTINOPEL. — THE MOSQUES.—

“A LIAR,” “A LIAR.”—BREEDIN FACTOREES.—THE
VALUE OF A YALLER DORG.—THE SMOKERS PAN-
NIC.

CONSTANTINOPEL.

DARE FREND JIM :

We took another Steem bote up here passin thru the Dardinelles, or Hellspoint, what Biron swum across, wen he was livin, and where theyve got big cannons, what way 81 tons, strung all round the banks, on each side so as to make it hot for the Rushun men-a-war, wen they come mosey-in round where they aint got no bisness. Then we steemed up the See of Marmara till we got to the Bosphorus & the goldin gate, what is rite in front of Constantino-
pel. On our way up we seen the Sultans Palase what they call the Seraglio, & the shute what they used to dump folkes what they wanted to get rid of em into the

water, wen the're tide in a sack & can't get out:

The Citie of Constantinopel is about as big as her name, wen you get ashore youve got to go up a strete what is a long flite of stone steps, cos they aint got no carrage rode, fore we got to the hotel in the Youropean quarter.

The first thing we seen was the Churches, what they call mosques. They are round & each have four or five high steepels what they call minaretts, with railins round the top. Bout half a dozen times a day a Mahommaden minister with green knickerbockers & a smokin cap comes out on top, & says orful loud, "A liar," "A liar," and then all the Turkees, fall down on there faces & take a mouthful, of dust. They don't appear to be eny hypercrits 'mongst em, cos they aint perticular bout how the're dressed, or whether the feller what's next to them is a beggar or a millyunhair, like they are in our religun at home, where a

feller what aint got no munney's got to take a back seet.

In every strete where the Turkees live, there's a yaller dorg breedin factorie, so as each familee will average ten yaller curs, & five wimmin to every man. I guess all them dorgs pay there rode tax cos, there alwus streched cross the stretes what aint eny wider than the dorg is long, & there so orful sensertive of there rites that they wuldnt move if you was to take a club to em. I was goin to have some fun with them, but I'd jest got a cuppel of there tales tide together, wen a lot of Turkees come long & was goin to lick me. I never knowd before that a mangy yaller dorg, was good for enything xcept you sold him to a oleomargerine factorie to make creemery butter of, or a butcher what had a sasage machine.

The Turkees dress like the Greeks only they ware wide knickerbockers stead of skurts, and all of em have on red scull

caps. They don't do nothin but stay in a coffey salloon, drinkin coffey whats thicker'n mud, & smokin the argelah which is a



"WILE A FELLER WAS FILLIN THE BOWL I SLIPPED A LITTLE GIANT POWDER INTO IT."

big glass bottel with a pipe bowl for a stopper. They set with there legs crossed on the floor & every one has a long thing what comes out of the bottel like a hose with a

nozzel on the end that they use like a pipe-stem. I was wachin them for most a hour, & wile a feller was fillin the bowl I slipped a little giant powder into it. Purty soon wen they all got to smokin there was a norful loud xploshun, which scattered the Turkees rite & left & busted the argelah in more'an a 1000 peeces, & I dusted for the Hotel Pa & Ma is stoppin at, cos I thot my compny warn't warnted no longer wher the Turkees was smokin. No more at present from your frend

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXIX.

A VISIT TO A HARUM.—THE FAMILLEE.—DURT, & SMELLS
& OTHER THINGS.—THE HEETHIN TURKEES VS.
THE CHRISTSHUN GREEKS.

CONSTANTINOPEL.

MY CHRISTSHUN FREND :

Yesterday Ma & me was envited to visit a Harum b'longin to one of them Pashas, whats got bout twenty wives. There orful

perticular bout who goes round there wimmin, and they dont allow no men in xceptin the Pasha hisself. They didn't 'pare to mind me cos I was a littel boy, so I went rite in long with Ma. You have to go thru a n'archway & find yerself in the center of a square court yard, with winders all round. A lot of nigger gals come out to meet us & escorted us to the best parler. Wen you get in its splendid, & smells like a drug store where a bottel of Oh-de-Coloney had got broke. The wimmin all set round with their legs crossed, smokin cigarettes & eatin candy. There dressed in long bloomer knickerbocker Trousers what button round the ankels & have got a short skirt over them. Everything they have on is embroderied splendid. Wen they go out on the stretes ridin or walkin, there husbands makes them put a big wite cloth over there faces, so as they can't flirt with nobody. Every Pasha's got about a dozen reglar wives & about twenty extras. The Mor-

mons ain't nowhere 'longside the Turks for wimmin. I was introduced into the childrens department, there's morean a hundred little boy & gal Turkees all b'longin to one Pasha. Sum of the gals was orful purty & I had a good time playin with them. There first rate only jest as soon as they get to be 10 years old, there rite on the maree. Wile I staid in the Harum I guess I'd greed, to love, Onher, & obey morean a dozen different gals.

The stores of Constantinopel aint like ours. They call them Bazaars & there jest openins in the sides of houses, along the narrer stretes what are covered with a roof of mattin. Every kind of bisness is in seperate stretes like if you warnted a pare of shoes youd have to go to Shoe St. fore you could get them, & wen you got there, you'd have to praps go to a hundred different stores till you got to the one what kept the kind of shoes you warnted. We was down to the Landin to see, the Sultan goin

to Church at the St. Sophy's Mosque this mornin. He goes in a grate long Canoe what has bout forty fellers on each side rowin, the sturn is all maid of carvin & gilt & the inside where the Sultan sits is boiler iron so as to resist eny efforts what mite be maid to send the Hed Turkees to glory, fore they was reddy.

The part of the City neer the water is where the Greeks live. If you've got a purty strong stummack it don't hurt a feller to visit there. A concentrated extract of seuer gas, would be a disinfectint longside of the perfumes what the balmy breezes waft into your knose. The Greeks is Christians, but they appare to be orful superstishus in sum things. For instanse they have a feerful dred of water gettin on there skins, so they never wash theirselves. Bout twice a yare they exercise theirselves a little & that starts the perspiration, which softens the scale on their bodies so as they can peel it off. They've got to be

orful careful about choosin the rite time, cos the sudden sheddin of coverin is apt to bring on Rhumatism. The Turkees is heethen's, & 'cordin to what our minster says they aint no account till the're converted, but it appares to me Saint Peter would rather see a helthy lookin heethen Turkee comin up to the gate, than one of them Christian Greeks what would make him hold his knose, & wach his pocket book, wile he was passin him up to the front seet. I'll never endow a misshunery society as long as I live, cos I think Christianity lurns the heethens too much evilment.

Yours truly,

CEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXX.

SMYRNHER.—POLLY CARPS TOMB.—TIRE, SYDON, &
JONAH'S WALE.—JOE IRUSH.—THE CAMEL.—ALEX-
ANDRIA AND THE ENGLUSH.

ALEXANDRIA, Egupt.

DARE JIM :

We took a steemer for Alexandria in Egupt, and had a splendid run 'long the

coast of Ashur Miner. We stopped in to Smyrner for coal & got a chance to go up town and see the tombstone of Polly Carp what used to be a martyr. The Streets of Smyrna are nice & cleaner than Constantinople, & all long the beach there's French Cafes & singing saloons. We didn't have time to go out to the ruins of Diana's Temple what ain't far from Smyrna, but I guess she'll excuse us when she finds out our boat didn't stay there long.

We passed Tire & Sidon what you read about in the Bible, & we got a good view of the rock where Jonah's whale got squashed & spued him up. We stopped in at Beyrout what is on the coast of Syria. Before we got ashore a lot of Turks come aboard & one old fellow come up to us soon as he found out we was 'Mericans, & showed us his recommendation, what read like this, "This is Joe Irish, now you know him he's a dragaman, and I can conscientiously recommend him as being as honest as most of his countrymen." "Mark Swain."

“One of them innocense what was travellin in Yourope.”

Joe was a purty good feller enyway, even if he did make Pa pay purty deer for a few hours ashore in Bayrout.

He showed us a carravan of camels what was goin to Damaskus. There was bout two hundred of them in the gang, all of 'em loaded with bales & boxes. Camels is curious animiles enyway, ther'e sholders is all in a big lump whats tryin to kiss the back of there heds. There legs is long & end in feet what no shoemaker outside the most fashunabel ones in Chicago could fit with shoes. Wen you meet a caravan on the strete youve got to go into a shop & let them get past cos there aint room for both, and the camels alwus has the rite of way. We went up to the College what is run by the 'Merican misshunaries, & is a purty good thing. They make minsters & doctors out of the natives, so as they can convert the Arabs & then kill 'em off in a

perfesshunabel way. A Arab is a gentleman what travels all over the desert, & wares bout a dozen diffrent kinds of pistils & knives besides his big sord. He's a cross tween Bufflo Bill & Jesse James only he wares a red smokin cap & dresses in cloes like the Turks. Jest fore we went on bord the steemer Joe Irush took us thru the sojers barracks. The Turkish sojers are fine lookin men & they all carry the old muskets what we used to pepper the English with in 1812, there orful prowld of their guns.

We left Bayrout & got here this mornin all safe & tomorrow we're goin up to Cairo. We've ben round to see where the English was Bombardin the City. I think it was a norful shame to spoil so menny nice houses, but its jest like the English they warnt everything. They'd send a army to Heaven if they thot there was eny show of capturin it.

Your frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXXI.

DONKEES.—EGUPSHUN FARMIN.—THE BABEES IN THE
NILE.—AT THEPIRAMIDS.—BOSTON'S SPINKS.—THE
TOMB OF THE KINGS.—MORE CURIOS.—HO! FOR
SPANÉ.

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt.

DARE JIMMY :

Alexandria is celebrated for full bludded donkies like Queen Victoria, Garnet Woolsley, Chet Arthur, Guvner Cleveland & Sammy Tilden. The fellers what's with them put you astride of one & youve got to ride it up town, or the whole bisness will emigrate up behind you. I rode Ex-Senater Dorsey, he had a wite star wrought on his hed & pared to be purty tired, but me & my assistants what follered me up with sticks give him a fair trile & I found him rite there every time. Pa did'n't have such good luck, he got shoved on one what they called Democrat, that 'pared to object to Pa's wate & got honorary & give him a

toss over his ears like he was givin him a boost up Salt River. Ma had better luck astraddel of Susan B. Antonie what 'pared to believe in womans rites, and went ridin up to the Hotel in good stile.

We took the Rale Rode up to Cairo, & passed then a farmin countrie. They aint got quite up to steem plows yet. The way they do there plantin is this. Bout two men have got five acres of land, and one feller begins plowin with a bent stick on New Yares day, on one side of the farm wile his partner follers up and does the plantin & then the wimmin they pile in as harvest hands. By the time New Yares day comes round again the feller's got to the end of the farm and is reddy to begin plowin on the first side again, unless there's a war then it takes bout two yares insted of one to get thru the five acre farm.

Cairo is a big citie but its sorter old fashurned, it has lots of Mosques & a grate big castel where the Keedive used to live,

fore the English got there hand in. We went out to the River Nile, what our Sunday Skule teecher sed was full of crockerdiles, what eat the babees the wimmin throwd in the river, but I guess sum-body was stuffin him, cos I did'n't see a single crokerdile or nigger babie no place in the water.

We've seen the Piramids, and Spinks, & after all I red bout 'em I was kinder disappointed, cos the Piramids is only grate big stone steps what run way up in the air to a point, & a lot of Egupshun figgers on like this USE ST. JACOBS OIL, what Pa says was the last words of old King Faro what got cured of Rhumatis. Pa says sum peepel come thousands of miles to see the Spinks wen all they need do is to go to the Boston State House and look at the Guvner and then immagine that his hed was cut out of a big stone, & you have a correct image of the Spinks.

We went into see the tomb of the kings,

what is all maid of Allerbaster, they've got the kings remains preserved in mummy, but they look like they was orful dry. The poor fellers! there mothers wont know 'em when the last day comes round.

Pa's ben layin in some more curios, this time it was a brick, what the Jews maid wen they was slaves, and a bullrush what was in littel Mose's cradel when he took the bote ride, and Faro's daughter got mashed on him.

Egypt's rich in Historichel events, but there aint much munney in historie eny way, so the peepel is most all orful poor, though sum of em make a good livin wen they strike such fellers as Pa.

Wen we come back to Alexandria there was a bote goin to sale for Barcelona, Spane, so Pa thot that would be a boss way to go. Cos we could get a steemer from there to Boston. Alexandria has got another of Mrs. Cleopatra's needels, like the one we

seen in Paris, but its gettin sort of rusty.
We're goin to sale tonite so, By By Jim.

Yours,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXXII.

WHERE THE MASONIC WILLYUM GOTES COME FROM.—
AT THE BULL FITE IN BARCELONA.—HE BECOMES A
HERO.

BARCELONA, Spane.

DARE FREND :

We had a reel pleasant trip up the Mediditrainon, & only stopped at Valetther on the Ileland of Malta, what belongs to England & is the Hedquarters of the Freemasons where they grow all of the Willyum Gotes what's used in the lodges to inishiate grene fellers what warnt to join.

Today was Sunday, so we went out to the Circus to see the bull fitin. Its a big round buildin, with bout half a dozen galleries. It aint got no roof only a awnin where the guvner & his staff sets. The re-

served seats where all the tonie folks like us go is on the side where the son don't shine. In the middel of the buildin is a grate big round place like a circus ring, only its bigger than Barnums, & ther'e's a high wall round it with a door in it, what lets in the bulls & horses. We was sittin down near the ege of the wall, with lots of company cos there was about 20,000 peepel in the buildin. The band begun a playin till the Guvner, & a lot of purty wimmin come in. Then a lot of fellers, with bugels, blew on them orful loud like they was callin a regiment of sojers to fite. Then the door opened & bout ten horses with fellers on 'em, that wore big hats & long lances, come in & they was follered by about forty other fellers in green and red silk tites, each carryin a sheet what was red on one side, & yaller on the other. They praded round for a wile, showin theirselves off, till the bugelers was thru blowin. Then the door opened again & a grate big black bull

come out and looked round like it was gettin mad, cos the fellers what had the red sheets was throwin them in its face. I guess Mr. Bull didnt like red cos he maid it so hot for some of them fellers that they had to jump on top of the wall, so as he would'n't get a chance to butt them. Then he got site of one of them horses & maid a brake for it, but I guess the feller pricked him on the neck with his lance cos he turned round quicker'an litenin, & in less than a second he'd got another horse & rider on his horns, & was playin foot ball with it all over the ring, the rider got purty badly hurt, cos they had to take him away, & there was enuff loose horseflesh scattered round, to set a army contracter up in bisness. The bull kep the fun up, till he'd killed three of the horses, & given one of them fellers with the red sheets, a ticket to the way stashun this side of the beyond. Then the fellers on horses got enuff so they went out, & the others got a lot of sticks with

hooks in the end & would wait till the bull was rite in front of them & then sling a cuppel of the sticks on his neck, where



“I JUMPED IN THE RING & COT THE BULL BY THE HORNS.”

they'd go off like a rocket and make the bull orful mad.

Them fellers did'n't appare to kno there bisness, so I thot I'd teeche them a lessin, so

I jumped down in the ring & waited till I got a chance & cot the bull by the horns gettin a straddel of his neck. I guess he had'n't ever ben used as a saddel horse, cos I had to hold on orful tite so he wouldnt throw me. I was beginnin to get scart, when a feller with a grate long sord come out, & made faces at the bull, & got him to runnin at him, when he got rite up to him the feller run his sord in tween the bulls sholder rite into his hart & he dropped down ded.

I guess the peepel thot I was orful brave cos they hollered so, & thru lots of flours & things, down to me, & then the Guvnor sent a offcer for me and arst me my name & where I was from. Soon as he found out I was a 'Merican he ordered the band to play "The Star Spangled Banner," & the wimmin what was with him hugged & kissed me, till I was most smuthered. I told them how you & me used to play bull fite, in the back yard of our house, with the old speckled cow what didnt give no milk, cos we run her so hard.

The guvner gave me a norful purty ring & nvited Pa & Ma & me up to his house to take dinner with him tomorrow. There was six more fites this afternoon & 7 bulls & 12 horses got killed.

Your frend,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXXIII.

THE TOOLS OF THE INQUISISHUN.—HIS PA TRIES THE
DIPPEREY.—GIBRALTAR THE KEY WHATS GETTIN
RUSTY. — EXPERIMENTIN. ON THE TELEFONE. —
DUBBEL GARDS.—GOOD BYE TO YOUROPE.

GIBRALTAR.

DARE CHUM JIMMY :

Before we left Barcylona, we went out to see the tools what they used to use in the Inquisishun, to make folkes tell things they did'n't warnt to. Theres one bisness what has a lot of holes in it & when a feller put his hed in they'd screw it down over his neck so as they could'nt get it out.

Then there's a big woman maid out of steel what they put a man in to get hugged, wen he didn't embrace the religion they warnted him to. The insides full of long needels, & when a man's put in, it shuts up & the needels go all thru him. They only used that for the cases what there warnt no hope for. There's a norful lot of instruments of torture, what makes a fellers blud run cold to think of. The gide what was showin us round went down stares to start up the dipperey so as we could see how it worked. Pa seen a iron cage & he arst me what that was, I sed I guessed it was a elevater, so he got on it, & fore he could get off again it started down cellar, I thot it was all rite but purty soon we heard Pa a hollerin & screamin, & the gide stopped the elevater & run up to see what was the matter. Soon as he seen Pa was missin he sed in Spanish, Jimminy Chrismus! hes drownded. Then he flue like litenin & started the elevater up again. Pa warnt

drownded, cos his hed didn't go under water, but he was tryin to contract with a feller that had a steem excavater, to take the mud off his close. Next time Pa'll kno the diff'rence tween an elevater & a dipperey.

We left Barcylona yesterday mornin in a steembote, keepin close to shore & passin Malaga, where all them big wite grapes come from. Yourope was on one side of us and Africa on the other, & rite in front of us was a grate big black thing what looked like the mouth of Onion Depot, only it was a norful site bigger, & kept growin till we got rite up to it. It was the Rock of Gibraltar what the Englush stole from the Spanyards like they tried to steel 'Merica from us.

The backside of the rock is strate up and down, with a lot of guns & a flagstaff mounted on top. Wen you get round to the front then you see the town what is all walled in & garded by Englush sojers, &

bout 2000 big cannons, lyin round loose, so as they can fire in eny direcshun. England claims that Gibraltar is the key what locks the Me-did-it-rain-on See, but I guess the key's gettin kind of rusty enyway, since the 'Mericans inventin torpedoes. I rode a donkey up to the sky batterie & the old Moors castel, & seen all the principal sites.

Pa & me went over to pay our respects to the General, & wile Pa & him, was drinkin shampain I telefoned up to the Sky Battery & told all them sojers to come down and report to the General right away, & then I talked thru it to the officers in the barracks & told them to report with there regiments in full dress immediately. Purty soon the square in front of the house was crowded with sojers, and the General arst what, was the matter. The officers told him they had been telefoned for, then he tumbeled to me & laffed & dismissed the sojers. But wen the fellers from the Sky Battery come down he didn't

laff so hard, cos he ordered the gards to be dubbeled wile I was here, & sed I'd caused 'em, more trubbel than Araby Bay & all the Eguptshuns put together. Enyway it was a purty site to see all them sojers in full dress uniform.

We're goin to bid Good bye to Yourope tonite cos we sale in a steemer for Boston. I'll rite you 'bout the hub wen we get there.

Yours,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. XXXIV.

IN HADES.—THE BLUE NOESSES AT HOME.—IN PARADICE. — HIS PA AFTER A L.L., D.—THE DUDE DRESSIN.—GOOD BY.

BOSTON, Mass.

DARE JIM :

We had a splendid passage cross the Atlantic, till we got off the Newfoundland Bank, wen it come on foggy & we had to lay to three days till the son come out again. We was gettin short of cole, so

the Captin hedded the Steemer for Halifax what is the perlite name for Hades, in Nova Scotia. Halifax is a purty big town, & has the best harber in 'Merica. The populashun is celebrated for there blue noeses, what freeze up in winter & dont get summer enuff to thaw out. Wen we landed at the warf Pa & Ma & me, went up to a place what they call water strete, cos all the stores is whisky shops & they've got to have sum water to mix with it. We seen the tracks so we thot we'd wait and take a horse-car down town, cos its 'bout a mile, and I guess we'd waited till Kingdom Come, if a feller had'n't told us the Car Companie had ben busted fifteen yares. The bisness part of the town is purty lively, but it smells orful fishy like, cos Halifax is celebrated for catchin more fish than eny other town of its size. Theres a big high hill what is called the citidal rite back of the town ; what is hollored out, & every time, any feller comes along, what looks

like a Finian, the peepel all run inside the Hill so as they wont get blow'd up. We was out to the Horticultural gardins where the band plays & where nobody but toney folks can go in. Halifax would be a norful rushin place if the Englush would take away there sojers, and them officers what are all dudes. We did'n't stay long there, cos we was in a hurry to get here to Paradise. We had a nice trip up & put up here at the Tremont House. I went out alone to take a walk, & I got down to a place what sed Boston & Maine Depot, then it was gettin neer dinner time so I started back to the Hotel. I've walked till I'm most ded, my golly but Boston's got a norful slue of Boston & Maine Depots. I seen bout a dozen of em wile I was tryin to get back to the Hotel. I got a perliceman to show me the way, cos I culdnt find it myself. Pa's goin out to Harvard College this afternoon, he sed one of his old teecher's is a Perfesser there, but

I guess he's goin, to play pokher for a L.L., D.

Wile I'm writin there's a dude in the room cross the hall, changin his shirt. He's got the bottom of it frilled & draped with lace I tell you he's fly, for he's puttin on his bangs now. I guess he's goin to see his dudine. I aint had no fun since we've been here the peepel of Boston aint a bit sochabel, cos they don't 'pare to aprechiate me.


We start for home tonite & I'm glad.

Wen I get back home to my own citty of New York, I'm goin to keep a Diary of what I du every day, 'cause I find it edecates one to keep a rekord of his dooins day by day.

By By, Jimmy dare.

I'll see you latah,

GEORGIE.

 ALL who have been interested and amused by reading of the experiences of "The Bad Boy Abroad" will be very much more interested in reading "A Bad Boy's Diary," of which nearly 200,000 copies have already been sold. No humorous book ever issued has received the universal commendation which has been freely given this volume. Just read what those who have read it say of it, and if you buy the book and are not satisfied that you have received more than five dollars worth of laughing out of it, let us know and we shall be glad to extend our sympathy.

One reader says of it : "I received the copy of 'A Bad Boy's Diary,' and most of my family are killed with laughter over it. Send me another copy at once, as I hope to dispose of the rest of them in the same happy way."

Another says : "I've heard of rail-splitting and side-splitting, but I never experienced splitting in my side till I read your book. It is too comical for anything. It ought to be in the hands of every one that loves fun."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

A BAD BOY'S DIARY.—We have just received from the publishers a copy of a book with the above significant title, and which is one of the funniest books ever issued. But it is a mean book, after all. A good old deacon, who had not smiled in fifteen years, called at our office, and we let him see a copy of this new book. He went into laughing hysterics, and had to be conveyed home on a stretcher. As soon as he revives he will commence an action against us for bodily injury. And we, in turn, shall commence suit against the publishers for leading us into trouble, and a lively time may be expected. If your life is insured, and you want

to do your family a great good by giving them a chance to get the insurance money, send for a copy of this book.

ANOTHER EDITOR SAYS OF IT: "It made us laugh till our sides ached and the tears came." Another says: "It will drive the blues out of a bag of indigo. It is worth five dollars, but costs only fifty cents." Still another says: "This 'Bad Boy's Diary' is too funny for anything. It is having an immense sale, and it *deserves* it. Every one that enjoys the humorous side of life ought to read this little book."

A handsome and complete edition of "A BAD BOY'S DIARY," in one volume, has just been issued, and is for sale by Booksellers everywhere.

It is printed from new, large type, and on fine paper, and contains 280 pages. New illustrations have been prepared for this edition, including, among others, the autograph and PORTRAIT OF "LITTLE GEORGIE," the "Bad Boy," the record of whose experience has given such universal satisfaction to hundreds of thousands of readers everywhere. Price, handsomely bound in cloth, with ink and gold side and back stamp, \$1. In lithograph paper cover, printed in fine colors, 50 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price.

We give in the following pages the TABLE OF CONTENTS and opening chapters of "A Bad Boy's Diary" with the expectation that all who read them will be interested in securing the complete book.

It will pay you to send for it at once. Send 50 cents for the paper cover, or \$1.00 for the cloth book to J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York, and it will be sent to you by return mail, or ask any newsdealer or bookseller for it, and if they have not got it on hand they will order it for you.

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A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE BEGAN IT.

I WAS ate years ole yesterday, an' mamma she says to me:

"Georgie, wot would you like for a burthday present?"

So I said a "diry," cause all my growed-up sisters keep a diry, an' I thought it would be about the figger. So mamma she got me one. I wanted to begin it all rite, so I stole up to Lily's room to copy suthin out o' hern; but she keeps it locked up in her writing-desk, an' I had a offal time getting a key that would fit. At last I found one, an' set down when Lil was out a calling an' coppied oph a page good as I could.

I've got three sisters what all kepes their dirys an' writes into 'em every night after their hair is took oph an' put in the buro drawer, 'xcept what is put in crimps. So to-nite Mister Wilyem Smith he come to see Lil, like he does

most every evening, a big, ugly ole bashlor that my sisters makes fun of behind his back, an' I was in the parlor with my diry in my hand an' he ast me wot I got, an' give me sum candy, an' I showed him my diry, an' he red this out loud to Lil and Bess, which was in the room all fixed up to fits:

"I wish that stupid ole Bill Smith would keep hissself to home. He came agen Sunday night. I never, never, never, never shall like him one bit, but mother says he's wrich an' I must accept him if he offers. Oh, how crewel it is to make me practis such dooplicity! It seems as if my heart would brake. What awful grate big red hands he's got an' can't talk about nothin' but how many houses he owns, an' his cravats is in retched taste. I wish he'd stay away an' done with it. He tride to kiss me wen he was goin' Sunday night, but I'd just as soon have a lobster kiss me. Oh! he is so different from my sweet, sweet Montague De Jones. Wot a pity Montague is a poor clerk! I can not bare this misery much longer. Montague is jellus an' reproaches me biterly. Oh, wot a fraud this life is! I'm wery of it."

Lil she was a screechin' an' a tryin' to snatch it all the time, but Mr. Smith he held it up high, an' red it all; then he sed to me wot made you rite such stuff? I sed it wan't stuff—I got it out of my sister Lily's diry, an' I gess she knew

enuff to keep one, an' he took his hat an' went, and Bess she sez to me :

“ Now you've done it, George Hackett ! ”

Lil made a grab at me, but I dodged an' run.

I never see such a boy as I am fur gettin' into scrapes. The hull family is down on me, an' say I've spiled the match an' lost 'em a hundred thousand dollars, but I can't see how I am to blame for jest takin' a few lines out of Lily's diry.

One thing is sure—the rest o' this book will be my own composishun good or bad. I'm disgusted with the fool-stuff in them girls' dirys.

There was such a row to home 'bout it to-day I didn't seem to want my dinner, so I went fish-ing. It wasn't cloudy, so they wouldn't bite. A man come along an' he sez :

“ Got any bites, sonny ? ”

I wish folks wouldn't call me sonny—it makes me mad ; so I hollered :

“ Confound the fish ! ”

And he sez :

“ Wot a wicked boy ! ”

And I sez :

“ Not a tall, the fish is in the dam.”

And he scratched his head and went on. Just then suthin' bit, an' I leaned over too far an' fell in. You oughter seen me go over that dam an' shoot into the mill an' go right over the wheel, but it wa'n't until after I got into the

shute that I thought I guess they'd be sorry, now they'd never have Georgie to scold no more. I don't know what I thunk wen they got me out, coz I was drowned dead as a door-nale but they roled me on a barel, an' blowed into my inside with a bellows, an' I come to an' ast 'em if they'd saved my fishpole.

I don't know wot made mama cry wen they brought me home, coz I was all right then, an' I told her so. I was awful glad I fell in, coz they got over bein' mad at me. Lil made me some real good toaste an' tea, an' 'bout dark they all went down to supper an' left me rapped up in blankets that I thought I should smother, so I got up an' put on my best sute—my other one was gettin' dry. I betted they'd scold me for gettin' up, an' I crawled down into the parlor, an' got behind the curtains of the bay winder. I was that tired I fell asleep, an' wen I woken up I heard voices, an' I made out 'twas Susan an' her bow a settin' together on the sofy. Bess she was ratling away at the peano t' other end o' the room. Lil was upstairs, 'cause she knew Mr. Wilyem Smith wouldn't come no more.

"We'll haf to wate," says he, "at leste a year. Old Docktor Bradley wants a younger man to do the ridin', an' he's promised to take me in as pardner this fall. Can you wate for me, my darlin'? You'll haf to haf lots of pashunts," sez he.

"An' so will you," says Sue, and then they laughed.

"We'd better kepe it a profound secret for the present," sez he.

"Yes," sez she, "of course. It's the best policy to kepe long engadgements secret, suthin' mite happen, you know."

And then she jumped up as if she was shot, an' run acrost the room, an' set down in a chair jist in time, for some folks come in, and then some more. Everybody wanted to know how poor little Georgie was, an' then mama came in an' said I'd run away—she was awful 'fraid I was dellerius out of my head, my brane might be effected. So I jest gave them curtins a whop, an' jumped right out as if I was a playin' leap-frog, an' the way they hollered would a made you laught.

"Oh, Georgie, Georgie!" groaned poor mama, "you'll be the deth of me, I know you will."

"Were you in the bay-winder all the time?" ast Sue, a turnin' red an' pale.

"You bet," sez I, an' then I wunk at her an' wunk at him. "I knowed honesty was the best pollicy," I begun; "but wot makes it the best pollicy not to let on when your engaged, lik you was a talkin' about?" Then Sue she yerked me out o' the room, an' jis' as we got to the door I hollered: "Let go my arm! I'll go without bein' grabbed. Say, Sue, I wonder wot made you

hop off the sofy when those folks rung the bell! Did Docktor Moore—”

But she put her hand right over my mouth and slammed the door.

“I have as good a mind as ever I had to eat to whip you, Georgie!” she sez, beginning to cry. “You have let the cat out of the bag, you horid, horid boy!”

“Wot cat?” ast I.

“Docktor Moore will never forgive you,” sobbin’ as if she’d dropped her only stick o’ candy in the well. “We didn’t want a sole to dreme of it for the next six months.”

“Ime sorry I did it, sis,” sez I, “I’ll never do it agane if you’ll stop blubberin’. What did I do, anyhow? If I’d a knowed he was so easy fritened I wouldn’t a jumped out so sudden for the world. I wouldn’t marry a feller wots so ’fraid o’ things. He might get scart into a fit some time if he saw a white sheet on the close-line in the night. I don’t believe in gosts, do you?”

By that mamma she came an’ took me up to bed agane, an’ tole Betty, the chamber-made, to stay by me till I fell aslepe, an’ I got Betty to write this in my diry for me, cause I felt so tired and sleepy. Betty’s bow’s got red hair and a crost eye. I peked through the ary winder onest, and seen him kepe one eye on the cook—that’s ill-tempered as she can be—an’ one on

Betty, an' I wished I had crost eyes, so I could keep one on my book, an' one on Tommy Fuller wen he puts pins in the schollars' seats. Crost eyes would be the convinyuntest things fur boys that have to go to school. Betty yawns like the top of her head would fall off. So I must close.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

I'VE been 2 sick too write in my diry for most a week. It was gettin' drowneded made me ill, an' gettin' out o' bed when I was swetty. Docktor Moore he's been up to see me twist a day. He's been so good to me I'm sorry I fritened him that night. I herd Bess tell Lily this morn-ing she was glad I was sick, 'cause there was some piece in the house now; she hoped I'd stay in bed a month. I wonder wot girls don't like their little brothers for. I'm sure I'm real good to Bess. I go to the post-offis fur her twist a day when I am well. I never lost moren three letters fur her. Golly! ain't I glad she don't know 'bout them!

This afternoon I felt so much better I wanted to get up, so when I heard Betty comin' with my supper, I slipped out o' bed an' hid behind the door. I had mamma's shawl around me, an' I jumpted out as she come in, an' barked as like I was a big black dog, an' that careless creature just dropped the server on the floor. Such a mess! The china bowl was broke, the beef-

tea spilt on the carpet, an' the hull family rushed up-stairs to hear her scream as if the house was on fire. I didn't know Betty was such a goose. They all blamed me—they always do. I believe when I get well I'll run away, an' be a buf'lo bill, or jine a ship. There never was a boy got such tretement—so unjust.

To-day I was let sit up, tucked up in a quilt in a arm-chare. I soon got tired o' that, so I ast Betty to get me a glass o' ice-water to squench my thirst, an' when she was gone I cut an' run, an' went into Susan's room to look at all them fotografs of nice young men she's go there in a drawer.

The girls was all down in the parlor, 'còs Miss Watson had come to call. Betty she came a huntin' me, but I hid in the closet behind a ole hoop-skirt. I come out when she went away, an' had a real good time. Some o' them fotografs was written on the back, like this: "Conseated fop!" "Oh, ain't he sweet?" "He ast me, but I wouldn't have him." "A perfeck darling!" "What a mouth!" "Portrait of a flonkey!"

I kep about two dozen o' them I knew, to have some fun when I got well. I shut the drawer so Sue wouldn't notice they was took. I felt as if I could not bare to go back to that nasty room, I was so tired of it, an' I thought I'd pass my time a playing I was a young lady.

So I put on Sue's old bustle, and a pettycoat with a long tale to it, and Sue's blue silk dress, only it wouldn't be big enuff about the waste. I found a lot o' little curls in the buro, wich I stuck on all around my forehead with a bottle of mewsiledge, and then I seen some red stuff on a sawcer, wich I rubbed onto my cheeks. When I was all fixed up I slid down the bannisters plump againste Miss Watson, wot was sayin' good-by to my sisters. Such a hollerin' as they made!

"My best blue silk, you little imp!" said Sue.

Miss Watson she turned me to the light, an' sez she, as sweet as pie:

"Where did you get them pretty red cheeks, Geordie?"

Susan she made a sign, but I didn't know it.

"I found some red stuff in Sue's drawer," sez I, and she smiled kind o' hateful, and said:

"Oh!"

My sister says she is an awful gossip, wich will tell all over town that they paint, wich they don't, 'cause that sawcer was gust to make roses on card-bord, wich is all right.

I stepped on to the front o' Sue's dress goin' up stares agen, an' tore the front bredth acrost.

She was so mad she boxed by ears.

"Aha, missy!" sez I to myself, "you don't guess about them fotografs wot I took o' your drawer!"

Some folks think little boys' ears are made on purpose to be boxed—my sisters do. If they knew wot dark an' desprate thoughts come into little boys' minds, they'd be more careful—it riles 'em up like pokin' sticks into a mud puddel.

I laid low—but beware to-morrow!

They let me come down to brekfast this mornin'.

I've got those pictures all in my pockets, you bet your life.

“Wot makes your pockets stick out so?” ast Lily, when I was a waiting a chance to slip out unbeknone.

“Oh, things,” sez I, an' she laughed.

“I thought mebbe you'd got your books and cloathes packed up in 'em,” sez she, “to run away an' be a Injun warryor.”

I didn't let on anything, but ansered her:

“I guess I'll go out in the backyard an' play a spell.”

Well, I got off down town, an' had a lot of fun. I called on all the aboriginals of chem fotografs.

“Hello, Georgie! Well agen?” said the first feller I stopped to see.

Oh, my! when I get big enuff I'll hope my mustaches won't be waxed like his'n! He's in a store, an' I got him to give me a nice cravat, an' he ast me “Was my sisters well?” so I fished out his fotograf, and gave it to him.

It was the one that had “Conseated Fop!”

writ on the back. The girls had drawed his musttaches out twict as long with a pencil, an' made him smile all acrost his face. He got as red as fire, an' then he skowled at me.

"Who did that, you little rascal?"

"I guess the spirits did it," I said, as onest as a owl, an' I went away quick cause he looked as mad as thunder.

The nex plaice I come to was a grocery store, where a nuther young man lived. He had red hair an' freckles, but he seemed to think hissself a beauty. I said:

"Hello, Peters!"

He said:

"The same yourself, Master George. Do you like raisins? Help yourself."

Boys wot has three pretty sisters allers does get treted well, I notiss. I took a big hanful of raisins an' a few peanuts, an' sot on the coun-ter eating 'em, till all at oncest, as if I jest thought of it, I took out his fotograf an' squinted at it, an' sez:

"I do declare, it looks like you."

"Let me see it," sez he.

I wouldn't for a long time, then I gave it to nim. The girls had made freckles all over it. This was the one they wrote on its back, "He asked me, but I wouldn't have him." They'd painted his hair as red as a rooster's comb. He got quite pale when he seen it clost.

"It's a burning shame," sez I, "for them young ladies to make fun o' their bows."

"Clear out," sez Peters.

I grabbed a nuther bunch o' raisins an' quietly disappeared. I tell you he was rathy!

Mister Courtenay he was a lawyer, he's got a offis on the square by the cort-house. I knew him very well, 'cause he comes to our house offen. He's a awful queer-lookin' chap, an' so stuck up you'd think he was tryin' to see if the moon was made o' green cheese, like folks sez it is, the way he keeps it in the air. He's got a depe, depe voice way down in his boots. My harte beat wen I got in there, I was that fritened; but I was bound to see the fun out, so I ast him:

"Is the What is It on exabishun to-day?"

"Wot do you mean?" sez he, a lookin' down on me.

"Sue said if I would come to Mister Courtenay's offis I would see wot this is the picture of," sez I, givin' him his own fotograf inskibed, "The Wonderful What is It."

It's awful funny to see their faces wen they look at their own cards.

In about a minit he up with his foot wich I doged just in time. I herd him muttering suth-in' 'bout "suing for scandal." I think myself I oughter arrest her for salt an' battery, boxing my ears. I wishst he would sue Sue, 'twould serve her right.

I'll not get to bed fore midnight if I write enny more. I'm yawning now like a dying fish. So, farewell my diry till the next time. I give them cards all back fore dinner-time. There'll be a row I expect. I've laughed myself almost to fits a thinkin' of the feller wot I give "The Portrait of a Donkey" to. He looked so cress fallen. I do believe he cried. They were teazin' ma to let 'em give a party nex week wen I got home to dinner. I don't believe one of them young gentlemen will come to it; the girls have give 'em all away. I don't care wuth a cent. Wot for do they take such libertys with my ears if they want me to be good to 'em.

P.S.—I bet their left ears are burning wuss'n ever mine did!

CHAPTER III.

THE PARTY.

O DERE! O dere! Wot a world this is! Little boys are born to trubble as the sparks are to fly upwards. It's over a week sence I've had the harte to rite one word in my diry. Poor diry! the reckord of a braking harte, I come to the for consultashun! On this paige will I discribe my wose. It hurts me yet to sit down square on my sete, but I will tri to bare it for thi sake.

It all dates from the day I carrid the fellers back their fotografs. As I said, the girls they tezed ma to give 'em a party, wich she promised, so they was in hi fether, an' begun to rite out the list of those they meant to ast, that afternoon. They wur all three as bizy as bees, an' I was bean good, settin' on a chare, a listenin' quietly, coz I was tired, when the bell wrung, an' who do you s'pose it proofed to be but our Aunt Betsey, she that lives to Hoppertown an' comes to see us twicst a yere. My sisters was put out, 'cause they gnu she'd stay a week, an' be here to the party. Lily made a rye face when she herd it.

"Nasty ole thing!" sez she; "she alwis comes at the most unconvynant times."

"She'll be sure to stay," says Bess, "if she heres about it, and she'l ware that old green silk o' hern, with a yellow hed-dress, and them lile thred gloves."

"She'll mortify us awfully," sez Sue.

I b'leve Aunt Betsey is witch, but she's that old-fashuned you'd think she come out o' the ark, with the animals, too an' too, only Aunt Betsey must a come alone, 'cause she is a ole made.

So when I herd 'em say they hoped she wouldn't stay to the party, I hoped she wouldn't too. To tell the truth, I had a guilty conshuns 'bout those fotografs wich I had done for spite. Oh, it is drefful to hav a guilty conshuns, it ways like lead. I wisht I hadn't done it, but thare's no use cryin' for spilt milk, so I resolved I'd do suthin' for my sisters to make up.

When tea was over, I got Aunt Betsey by herself into the hall, and said to her:

"Wood you like to make my sisters happy?"

"What do you mean?" sez she.

"'Cause, if you would," sez I, "please go away before the party. They don't want you here that night. I herd 'em say so. Don't let on I tole you, Aunt Betsey, but jus' go home quiet the day before nex' Thursday, an' I'll be obliged to you as ever was."





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